

**SPECIAL REPORT**  
**Cholesterol: The Good News**



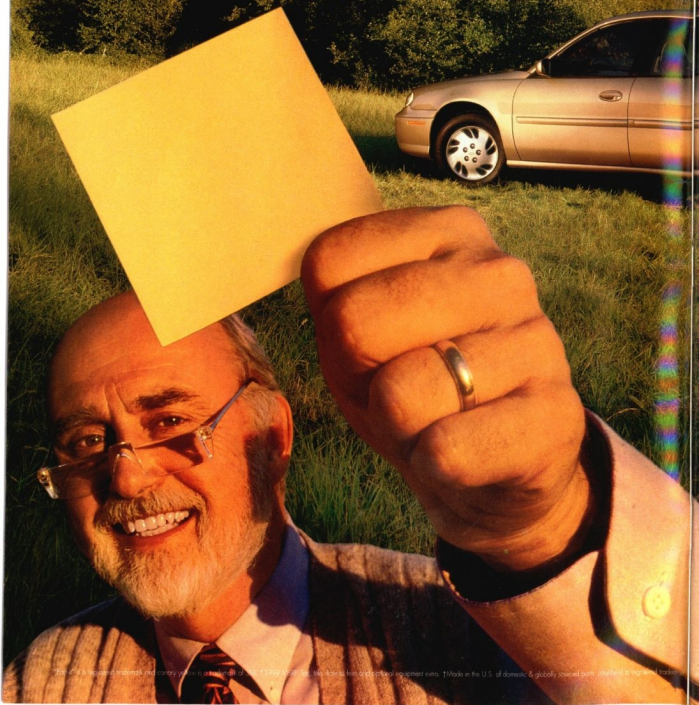
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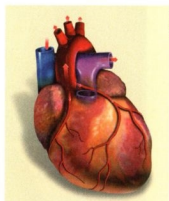
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ED BARNES

**On, to Oneonta:** Hillary goes out on her own in New York (see NATION)

**Champions and heroines:** It's not just a World Cup victory. It's the beginning of a love affair (see COVER)

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COVER: Photograph by Mark J. Terrill—AP

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Nichole Christian/Detroit

## Blue-Collar Benefactor

An autoworker, 78, invests his money wisely—and gives away \$1 million



Matel Dawson had to quit school and work after seventh grade

**M**ATEL DAWSON HAS worked and sweated as a forklift driver in Dearborn, Mich., for nearly 60 years, often clocking 84 hours a week. He has spent scarcely anything on himself, preferring to invest heavily in the stock of his employer, Ford Motor Co. He could have been one of those millionaires next door you read so much about, living frugally while piling up money for a lavish retirement.

Instead Dawson has given most of it to strangers. Since 1995, he has donated more than \$1 million for college scholarships. And at age 78, he just keeps working and giving: "I wouldn't know what to

do if I retired," he says. "It keeps me going, knowing I'm helping somebody."

Three years ago, Dawson phoned the Shreveport branch of Louisiana State University, a tiny campus with about 4,000 students in the town where he grew up. He wanted to know how to make a donation. Chancellor Vincent Marsala remembers taking the call and assuming that because Dawson was an autoworker, the most he could give was a couple of hundred dollars. Marsala says he "nearly flipped" when Dawson wrote checks for \$200,000—enough to fund 18 four-year scholarships.

To date, Dawson has also given \$431,500 to Wayne State University in Detroit, \$230,000 to the United Negro College Fund and a few hundred thousand dollars more to

various community colleges and churches. All he asks of the schools is that they use his money to give scholarships to the most deserving students, regardless of race. "If I was to do anything with my money other than help some of these kids begging to go to school," he says, "I'd be throwing it away."

What drives this blue-collar philanthropist? One spur is his own thwarted desire for higher education. Growing up the fifth of seven children in Shreveport, he had to drop out of school after seventh grade to help support his family. "I always wanted to better myself," says Dawson, "but I came up in the Depression. I had to work."

Dawson says he's trying to live up to the example set by his late mother Bessie, a laundress. He watched as she helped others who were less fortunate, even when she could barely feed her family. She made Dawson and his siblings promise always to "give something back," no matter how little. It's a lesson he took with him back in 1940 when he headed for Detroit.

Dawson insists that "anybody could do what I'm doing if they put their mind to it." His advice: work hard, spend sparingly and invest in solid stocks. Dawson once bought a three-bedroom house with a 30-year mortgage—and paid it off in six years. He also once owned a pair of shiny Lincoln Continentals. But he gave up those things 23 years ago when he and his wife were divorced. Today he lives in a one-bedroom apartment in Highland Park, a gritty Detroit suburb. He drives a red 1985 Ford Escort that runs just fine, thank you—though neighborhood thieves have forced

him to do without hubcaps.

Dawson rises at 4 most mornings, brews coffee and goes to work at Ford's Rouge Assembly Complex, which builds fuel tanks, engines and other auto parts. He relishes overtime pay and often works 12-hour shifts right through Saturday and Sunday. He has dinner at a modest local restaurant. While neighbors spend evenings tending lawns and cars, Dawson watches *Hard Copy* and is in bed by 8:30. His only vacations are occasional jaunts to Shreveport to meet recipients of the scholarships named in honor of his parents. His only real luxuries are the Burberry's suits he wears on college visits and sometimes to church.

Fully half of Dawson's pay—about \$24 an hour plus overtime—goes directly, by payroll deduction, into Ford's employee stock-purchase program. Since he began buying Ford stock in 1956, it has returned 13.7% a year on average, outpacing the S&P 500.

Dawson has received an honorary degree from Wayne State, plus a Trumpet award for philanthropy from Turner Broadcasting System (owned by the same parent company as TIME). He shrugs at such honors. "I just want to be remembered," he says, "as an individual who tried to do some good." His mother would be proud.



Lisa Straszewski attends Wayne State University in Detroit, with help from Dawson



**“Give something back.”**

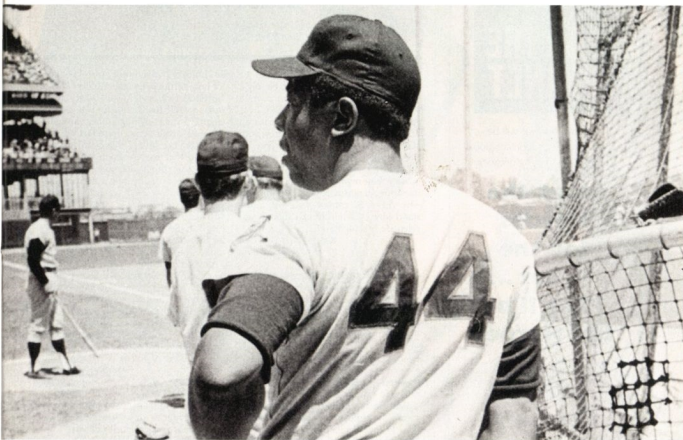
—BESSIE DAWSON, IN PHOTO WITH HER HUSBAND

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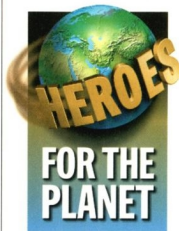
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## L E T T E R S



### Kosovo: The Awful Truth

**“For those of us who do not believe in hell, how can Milosevic be explained? And how will he and his troops be punished?”**

RANJIT RAUNIYAR  
New York City

IT IS A TRUE RARITY FOR A MEDIUM TO muster the courage to examine closely a topic that so many others have chosen to sidestep [Kosovo Crisis, June 28]. Your report on the horrific discoveries in Kosovo showcased the atrocities with such impact that those who were still pondering the validity of U.S. involvement in the war can now intelligently answer their own questions. The haunting scenes of massacre victims remind us why the U.S. cannot—and will not—stand idly by while human beings are relentlessly slaughtered.

KASEY COLE SWISHER  
Burley, Idaho

THE AWFUL TRUTH IS THAT THE “ETHNIC cleansing” that took place in Kosovo was a direct consequence of the NATO bombings, not the other way around.

PASCAL IFRU  
St. Louis, Mo.

IMAGES OF THE HORRORS COMMITTED IN Kosovo propel the consciousness toward a bottomless pit. It is unbelievable that one man can instigate such a collective assault on the human body, mind and spirit. It is impossible to accept that Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic will probably slip through the cracks of international jurisprudence. For those of us who do not believe in hell, how can Milosevic be explained? And how will he and his troops be punished? For those of us who do, could even the fires of hell be harrowing enough punishment?

RANJIT RAUNIYAR  
New York City

WITH EVERY REPORT THAT COMES OUT OF Kosovo, I become more convinced that NATO made the wrong decision in its rush to bomb. Before the air war, Serbian atrocities were occurring, but with nowhere near the intensity of the post-bombing acts of horror. It is quite likely that tough carrot-and-stick diplomacy could have brought about a solution with

less human tragedy and a greater chance for long-term peace and stability. At the very least, force should have been held in reserve while real diplomacy was given a chance. I sincerely hope Americans and the media will seriously reflect on the costs and benefits of this conflict. It is possible that we are taking credit for ending something we helped initiate.

SCOTT D. ERB  
Augusta, Maine

TOO BAD WILLIAM SEWARD, THE 19TH CENTURY U.S. Secretary of State responsible for the purchase of Alaska, isn't in office today. He probably would have bought Kosovo from Milosevic for \$7.2 billion, allowing the Kosovars to stay put in peace. The Serbs would be happy with the money. The U.S. would have had no moral dilemma. And if you consider the cost of the NATO war machine and the price of eventually rebuilding Kosovo, we would be ahead by billions, maybe even trillions, of dollars.

HARRIET G. LELAND  
Dayton, Ohio

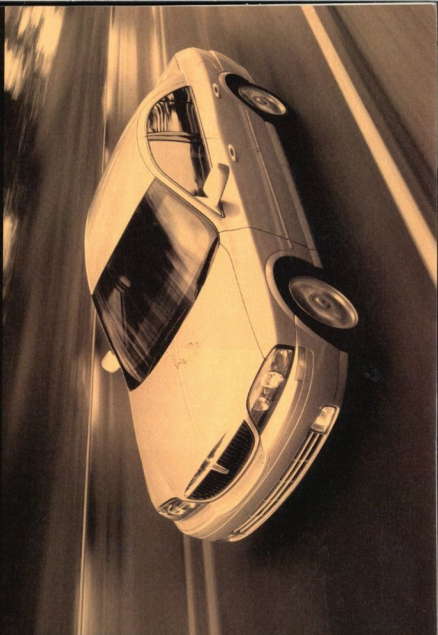
WERE I AN ARMED KOSOVAR, I WOULD never surrender my weapon. Just look at the evidence of Serbian atrocities in your magazine! I might put the gun down, but I would do with it what my old neighbor in France did. He had fought in the Resistance during World War II. Back home, he packed his machine gun and ammunition in Cosmoline, wrapped them in oilcloth, crated the parcel and buried it near his house—just in case the Boche came back.

GEORGE B. JOHNS  
Spring Grove, Pa.

AS A FOLLOW-UP TO THE CATAclysm IN Yugoslavia, we need a congressional investigation as thorough as the one that gave us the Cox report on Chinese spying. Did NATO give Milosevic an ultimatum that it knew he would refuse? What is the truth about ethnic cleansing in Ko-



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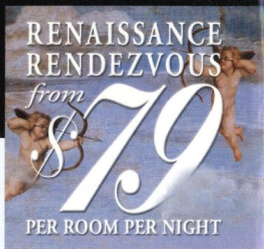
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sovo? Reporters who were there should be asked to testify. Also the air war had a vital role in causing the refugee problem. Let it all hang out. Was this truly a military engagement, or did politicians pull the strings on a day-to-day basis? Let the right questions be asked, and let's have truthful answers—the good and the ugly.

ANTHONY D. LUTZ  
Vienna, Va.

## The Russians Pull a Fast One

THE MASTERS OF DECEIT HAVE DONE IT again. The dash of Russian troops into Kosovo and their takeover of the Pristina airport [KOSOVO CRISIS, June 28] not only trumped NATO but once more intentionally humiliated the U.S. No desperate face-saving maneuvers will convince Americans that the Russians acted properly. Naively and predictably, we never seem to learn from history; we continue to ignore its harsh lessons.

VYTAUTAS MATULIONIS  
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

## The President's Doctrine

DOUGLAS WALLER'S "THE THREE IFS OF A Clinton Doctrine" highlights the current disarray of U.S. foreign policy [Kosovo

CRISIS, June 28]. Clinton, desperate for a lasting political legacy, has seriously depleted American political capital. Waller claims that the Clinton doctrine provides guidelines for deciding whether to get involved in a conflict. Rather, the philosophy supported by Clinton shows how a country stumbles into a costly mil-

## PIECES OF LIVES

Upon receiving your magazine [June 28], I did not open it. Instead, I sat down and tried to piece together the lives represented by the documents shown on your cover. I found birth dates and names and studied the pictures, wondering if these people were like me, my neighbors and my co-workers. The victims had loved and lost, had enjoyed dinner with their family and friends. They had had lives and people who loved them. How tragic that one group of people can determine that another group is not important. How will I ever explain such hatred to my children or even understand it myself?

Jennifer B. Atkins  
Rossford, Ohio

itary campaign, expends precious resources fighting and escapes with a hollow and expensive "victory" while dancing around the nuclear trip wire.

LORENZO R. CORTES  
Alexandria, Va.

## Talking Heads and the War

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PRINT, MICHAEL Kinsley articulated the sad truth about the commentators and talking heads as they aired their gloomy views of the Kosovo war [ESSAY, June 28]. They were mostly proved wrong, yet the media continue to pursue their appraisals. The fact remains that the war was won by air power and without using ground troops, and that Clinton, Blair et al. were proved right. This article should be recommended reading for all political analysts.

HERBERT D. RESTON  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

KINSLEY STATED THAT CLINTON "LUCKED out" in the war. But the Kosovo effort was the essence of sound military strategy, well thought out and implemented. The 4th century B.C. Chinese military tactician Sun Tzu wrote that the skillful leader "subdues the enemy without fighting." In battles at Carrhae (53 B.C.),

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THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

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in which the Romans were defeated by the Parthians, to Agincourt (A.D. 1415), armies have successfully applied the tactics of submitting a defenseless foe to aerial bombardment while avoiding a ground battle. Not luck but a thorough understanding of military strategy has led to a result of which the American people can be proud.

DOUGLAS WALKER  
Ventura, Calif.

CLINTON TRIUMPHED BECAUSE HE PUT his trust in expertise based on knowledge of the facts, something Rhodes scholar types tend to do. Give Clinton credit where credit is due. History will.

ANN ALPER  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

## Better Places to Post

SO SOME MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF Representatives want to pass a law [NATION, June 28] that would allow states to post the Ten Commandments in schools? If that is appropriate, then why

## THE UGLY TRUTH

The photo of a skull with a scream-wide-open jaw on the first two pages of our story on the scope of war crimes in Kosovo shocked many readers [KOSOVO CRISIS, June 28]. Lisa Tana, 15, of Dumont, N.J., reacted at first by throwing the magazine halfway across the room. Recovering it, she read our Kosovo coverage and then wrote, "That picture of the skull of a human who died because of the war will haunt me, I'm sure, every time I turn on the news. But I thank you for your truth-bearing article and photos, because people need to know what kind of awful things can happen." John R. Grasso of Binghamton, N.Y., curious about the level of dental care that Kosovars receive, was prompted to take a second, professional look at the disturbing picture. "Much to my horror, I realized the deceased was a child no more than 11 years old. What a tragic tale this photo truly tells." Doug Klinkenbief of Lebanon, Ore., noted that he is a 15-year subscriber and told us, "After I saw your photo, I knew why I keep reading TIME."



FROM LEFT: AP

not post them in the White House, the halls of Congress, the statehouses and the offices of boards of education? Place the blame for the sorry state of our education system—and there is plenty to go around—where it belongs, not on the backs of the children or their parents.

SYDNEY K. POTTER  
Tampa, Fla.

## Behind the Badge

I WAS BLOWN AWAY BY STEVE LOPEZ'S article on the shooting of a Phoenix police officer in "Death on the Beat" [Law, June 28]. I have not read a more sensitive, searing piece in a long time—if ever before. Lopez captured in a brief and haunting way the dilemma of modern-day police departments all over the country. Officer Mark Atkinson, who died pursuing drug dealers, was a true American hero. Thanks for bringing his story to us.

MARY MYERS  
Battle Creek, Mich.

## Women's Soccer ... Stars

I HAVE WATCHED A COUPLE OF WOMEN'S World Cup soccer games [SPORT, June 28], and boy, can these women show the guys a few things! None of those injury theatrics. None of the up-in-the-air love affairs when a goal is scored. There was good, clean, organized play, just as it used to be. It might be interesting to see one of these women's teams play against the "superstar actors."

REG PIKE  
Davie, Fla.

## Pickford the Fair

IN THE ARTICLE ON THE REVIVAL OF books and videos featuring actress Mary Pickford [SHOW BUSINESS, June 28], you wrote that after she made her last film in 1933 and sustained the deaths of her siblings and ex-husband, Pickford "quietly drank herself into oblivion" until her death in 1979. But in spite of her battle with alcohol, Pickford continued to be involved with the business affairs of United Artists until 1956 and worked for many charities. If the last part of Pickford's life was not in keeping with that of a movie heroine, neither was it the fade-out of one totally "pickled in Pickfair."

LISA MITCHELL  
Hollywood

WHAT A JOY TO READ ABOUT PICKFORD and the magic she generated! For me, 14 years younger than she, Pickford was a goddess—her curls, her smile. My life was spent seeing every one of her movies (5¢ a show) and making a scrapbook of

## NATALIE COLE SNOWFALL ON THE SAHARA



IN A CAREER FILLED WITH TOP 10 HITS, MULTIPLE GRAMMYS, AND UNFORGETTABLE ARTISTRY, **NATALIE COLE** RETURNS WITH **SNOWFALL ON THE SAHARA**. AN ALBUM RANGING FROM CONTEMPORARY POP TO SOULFUL R&B. WITH NATALIE'S RICH VOICE CARRYING THE SONGS TO THRILLING HEIGHTS.

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*Autocar, June 1998 - UK*

**THE NEW VOLVO S80.**  
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her photos. No one on the screen came close to her. I was disappointed that you did not mention her last husband, Buddy Rogers, who lived with her during her declining years at Pickfair. A storybook marriage for all of us who knew him—imagine marrying Mary Pickford!

SALLY VON OSTMAN  
Tucson, Ariz.

## Crunched but Exhilarated

YOUR REPORT ON INTERNET START-UP companies "Living the Late Shift," described the cramped, uncomfortable, poorly ventilated places where employees work long hours [BUSINESS, June 28]. Why do people do it? It's not the paycheck. It's the thrill of being able to design a system, to stay abreast of the technology. The attrition rate you report for programmers—80% in 20 years—is high, but many of the people I work with have more than 20 years in the computer field, and most are still excited to show up at work every day. Myself included!

CLEA ZOLOTOW  
Boulder, Colo.

## Power to the People

I APPLAUD THE EFFORTS OF THIRD VOICE, the new software start-up that allows users to add their own remarks in Post-it-type notes to other people's sites [TECHNOLOGY, June 28]. Too many people for-

get the creators of the Web originally intended that any person be able to set up links to any site.

JEDIDIAH J. PALOSAARI  
Dearborn, Mich.

## Gunning for Buffy

I FIND IT IRONIC THAT WE ARE READY TO cancel episodes of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and change the "ever so violent" titles of movies [ARTS AND MEDIA, June 28], while Congress has rejected several new laws for gun control.

REICHA SNELL  
LeRoy, N.Y.

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**TIME**

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## AN APPRECIATION

LOSING A MEMBER OF OUR WORK family can be as devastating as losing a blood relative, and that is why so many of us here at TIME wept when we learned last week that Brigid O'Hara-Forster had suddenly died of a brain aneurysm in London.

Brigid began working at TIME in 1968 as secretary to managing editor Henry Grunwald, and soon became a reporter-researcher in the World section. As the section's head researcher for 10 years, she wisely helped guide our coverage of summits, foreign elections, countless Middle East crises and (almost countless) changes in the Kremlin.

In 1996 Brigid returned to her native Britain to work on the TIME Atlantic edition, and there she truly blossomed, managing the reporters with aplomb while writing on subjects as diverse as Wimbledon and Russian art. But her greatest passion was for friendship, and her greatest pleasure came from conversation with friends, conversation that was full of curiosity about how the world worked and a moral energy about how it should work. The magazine was very lucky to have had her as a journalist all those years; we were far luckier to have had her as a friend.

Jim Kelly  
DEPUTY MANAGING EDITOR



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



# N O O K

## VERBATIM

**“There was never a war on poverty. Maybe there was a skirmish on poverty for a brief period.”**

**ANDREW CUOMO**, HUD Secretary, while on the President's poverty tour

**“It's the perfect definition of a settlement. Both parties felt they didn't get what they wanted.”**

**DAVID GEFKEN**, mogul who helped broker a settlement between Jeffrey Katzenberg and Disney

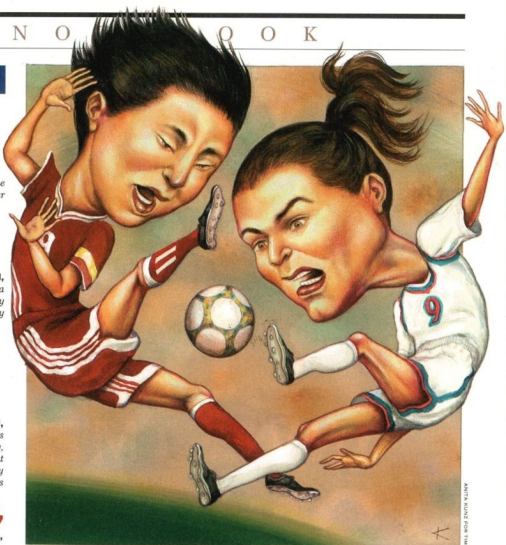
**“The Marlboro Man just fell off his high horse into quicksand, and it will be years until the tobacco industry even gets him halfway out.”**

**AHRON LEICHTMAN**, executive director of Citizens for a Tobacco-Free Society, on a lawsuit in Florida that could cost the industry billions of dollars

**“I think she is the checkout person at the local market.”**

**JANET RENO**, Attorney General, quoting a couple she overheard trying to think how they knew her

Sources: Cuomo, Leichtman, Reno, AP; Gefken, New York Times



**HAMM BAKES SUN WEN** In a defensive duel under the hot California sun, the U.S. women's soccer team dribbled, headed and kicked away China's hopes for its first World Cup. Does that make up for that spying thing?

## WINNERS & LOSERS



### JESSE JACKSON

The Rev gets rock-star reception on presidential tour. Turns out he was right about that poverty thing

### HYDRO-QUEBEC

During heat wave, sells power to sweltering N.Y.C. at 30 times regular price. Bright idea

### THE BRITS

Research shows drinking tea may cut risk of heart attack. Downsides: scones don't count

### BILL BRADLEY

Drops stance against ethanol, favorite fuel of Iowa voters. So much for no more politics as usual

### GENERAL MOTORS

Ordered to pay \$4.9 billion—yes, billion—in damages to six people burned in a Chevy Malibu

### DOLPHINS

Not as cuddly as we thought. New study says they eat their young. Say it ain't so, Flipper



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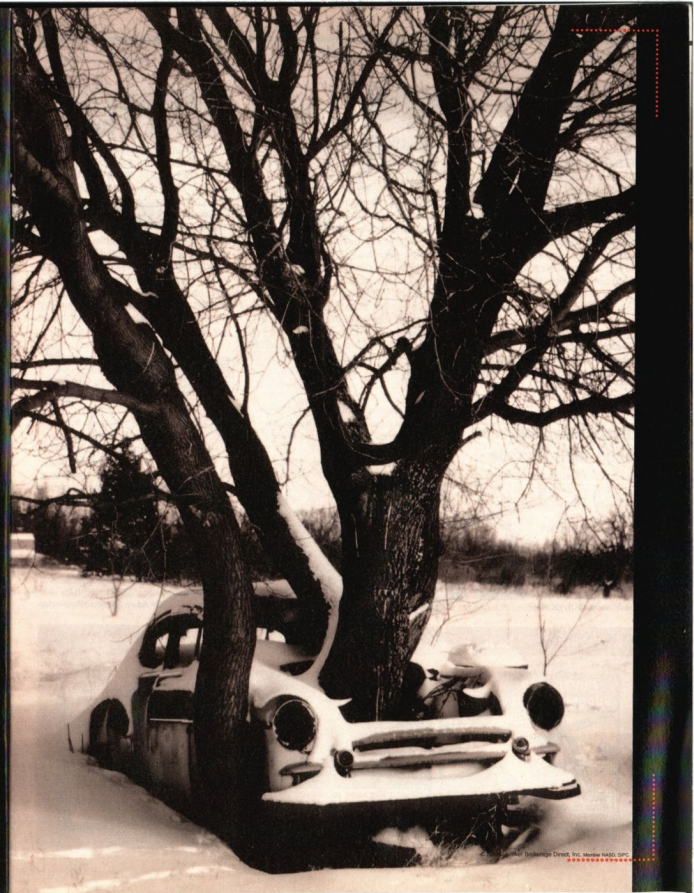
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GUN CONTROL

# N.A.A.C.P. to Take Up Arms Against Gun Industry

FOR YEARS, THE N.A.A.C.P. HAS LAMENTED the flood of handguns into African-American communities. Yet the nation's oldest civil rights organization has had little impact on curbing the proliferation. But the shooting tragedies in Littleton, Colo., and Conyers, Ga., plus the recent court victory against gun manufacturers in New York, may give the organization the political firepower it needs to advance its public-safety agenda.

This week, at its annual convention in New York City, the N.A.A.C.P. plans to announce that it will file a class-action lawsuit against manufacturers, distributors and importers of handguns. The lawsuit will come on the heels of several suits filed against the industry by cities, including



Kweisi Mfume

**MFUME** told *TIME* that the organization will seek not financial damages but injunctions ordering the industry to make several changes in its distribution and marketing practices. Among them: improved monitoring of distributors and retailers to better ensure handguns don't wind up in criminals' hands, and firmer restrictions against selling more than one gun to an individual. "The proliferation has been an ongoing, evil threat to innocent men, women and children in our communities," Mfume said. "We've got to step up our advocacy."

—By Ron Stodghill II/Chicago

Chicago, that charge a glut of guns supplied to the suburbs has fueled an illegal market in cities, and New Orleans, which claims safety devices on guns are inadequate. N.A.A.C.P. president **KWEISI**

CRITICISM

# Ebert's New Comrades Sit on Their Thumbs

SINCE FILM CRITIC **GENE SISKEL** DIED IN February, questions have swirled about the future of the popular TV show he hosted with fellow Chicago scribe **ROGER EBERT**. In September, the Disney-syndicated series will change its name from *Siskel & Ebert to Roger Ebert & the Movies*, with new



Roger Ebert

theme music and rotating guest critics. Yet to be determined: whether Ebert will let colleagues give the digital seal of approval. "In respect to Gene, we're not allowing other people to use the thumbs right now," says **MARY KELLOGG**, the Disney exec overseeing the show. "Things may change this fall, but for the time being those sitting across the aisle should not have access to the thumbs." Meanwhile, competing programmers smell an opportunity. Fox cable outlet FX, Paramount Television and the fledgling Oxygen channel are all said to be developing their own movie-critic shows.

—By Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

EXCLUSIVE

# Republicans Give Clinton Some Cover on Cuba

THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION FORMALLY approved a potentially controversial trip to Cuba this week by **TOM DONOHUE**, president of the powerful, Republican-leaning U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Donohue's party will include **CRAIG FULLER**, George Bush's vice-presidential chief of staff, and it also has the blessing of staunchly conservative Republican **SENATOR CHUCK HAGEL** of Nebraska. These big G.O.P. names should provide political cover for the White House and particularly **AL GORE**. The Administration is currently expanding unofficial links to Havana, but is worried about opposition from many anti-Castro Cuban-American voters.

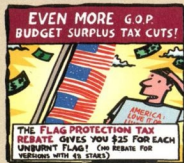


Tom Donohue

As for Donohue, he has pointedly not requested a meeting with Castro, although such a session is under discussion. As head of the Chamber, he has strongly opposed unilateral American trade sanctions against any country, including Cuba. The tough-talking lobbyist is pushing hard to meet with Cuban entrepreneurs and lay the basis for an independent Chamber of Commerce in Havana. Should he fail, Donohue could still fly home with a consolation prize: regulations allow him to re-enter the U.S. with a box of Cuban cigars as long as they cost no more than \$100. Alas, he doesn't smoke.

—By Adam Zagorin/Washington

## THE DRAWING BOARD





## Step Aside, Pac-Man, There's a New Champion

**F**ORGET HOTDOGS AND BURGERS. OVER the Fourth of July weekend, Billy Mitchell, 33, ate every dot, energizer and blue ghost on his way to scoring the world's first Pac-Man perfect game. The six-

hour feat was witnessed by Twin Galax-

ies, which publishes a video-games record book. After completing all 256 levels, Mitchell, a Florida hot-sauce manufacturer who also holds the world's Donkey Kong record, promptly announced his retirement from Pac-Man competition. Junior Pac-Man, however, is another story.

## All Those in Favor of the Hula Bill ...

**T**HE FOLLOWING LAWS THAT have taken effect within the past month prove real work is getting done in state capitols.

**SOUTH CAROLINA** banned the sale of urine  
**IDAHO** rescinded a \$1,000 cap on prize money for charity rubber-duck races  
**MARYLAND** declared students who plant bombs may lose their driver's license  
**HAWAII** named the hula, once banned as a heathen practice, the official state dance  
**NEW MEXICO** declared "Red or Green?" (as in chili sauce) the official state question  
**KANSAS** repealed the ban on the consumption of alcohol in the state capitol from Dec. 28, 1999, to Jan. 1, 2000

## Time's Up, Nostradamus

**N**OSTRADAMUS IS THE SUBJECT OF MORE than 40,000 Web pages and countless books, and his writings are studied throughout the world. But was he right? We'll soon see. In 1555 he made his most precise prediction, which can be translated as: "The year 1999, seven months, from the sky there will come the Great King of Terror to resuscitate the Great King of the Mongols." Nostrabuffs say this means that July will be full of earthquakes, tsunamis and satellites crashing into Earth. Then again, here are other things happening in July that he could have been talking about:

On July 15, Chinese President Jiang Zemin, the **King of Terror** to some, is scheduled to fly to Mongolia to renew trade talks with **Mongolian President Natsagiin Bagabandi**.

The recent missile attack on the Chinese embassy in Belgrade by the **King of Superpowers**, the U.S., is threatening to bring back Mao-like communist hard-liners, who once dominated **Mongolia**.

On July 9, **Media Terror** Rupert Murdoch's Star TV broadcast the 1990 Chinese drama **Chin Wong** (The King of Gamblers) in **Mongolia**.

On July 1, the Sundance-winning **Genghis Blues**, by **enfant terrible** Roko Belic, had its theatrical debut. The documentary, which follows bluesman Paul Pena's pilgrimage to a Mongolian border town, resuscitated the career of **King of Mongolian Throat Singers** Kongar-ol Ondar.

And scariest of all, recovering **Master of Terror** Stephen King could always bring back that nastiest **King of Mongrels**, Cujo.

## LATE SHOW

**PUTTING THE FUN IN FUNERAL** Mummification and burial at sea are old. Here's what the innovative are doing with their remains:

- The ashes of former New Mexico Governor Tom Bolack were launched skyward with his family's Fourth of July fireworks.
- A 52-year-old Harley-Davidson enthusiast proposed bequeathing his right arm, which bears tattoos of the Harley logo and Willy G. Davidson's signature, to the company archives. (The company declined the offer.)
- The skull of the late actor-comedian Del Close was given to Chicago's Goodman Theatre for use in roles like *Hamlet's* Yorick that call for such deadpan talent.

## THE HIP

**UNITED THEY STAND** Conjoined twins—formerly (and politically incorrectly) labeled "Siamese"—are undergoing a pop-cultural rebirth, judging from these upcoming works:

- Twin Falls, Idaho**, a romantic drama opening July 30, stars real-life twins **Michael and Mark Polish** as twins who share a torso and a hooker girlfriend
- Stuck on You**, a comedy co-starring Woody Allen as half of a conjoined-twin pair, is being developed by gross-out auteurs Peter and Bobby Farrelly
- Chang and Eng: A Novel in Two Parts**, based on the twins who emigrated in the 1840s from then Siam, is due out from Dutton next spring

## Where Are You Now, Sandy Koufax?

**I**N RETROSPECT, I OVERREACTIONED. WHEN THE CEDAR RAPIDS KERNELS offered to let me throw out a first pitch, I shouldn't have run by the editors' offices yelling "I bet your precious Calvin Trillin has never thrown out a first pitch!" I called my new favorite minor-league team immediately and accepted, drunk on my own power and assuming Cedar Rapids wasn't really far away. It is. From anywhere.

Before I left, I meant to practice pitching. What I focused on instead was what to wear. I examined old photos of Presidents' throwing out first pitches, most of whom went with suits. This seemed the smartest option until I found out I couldn't expense a suit. Then I came up with the idea of buying a Kernel uniform. This, I figured, would not only go over well with the crowd but was also completely expensable.

It wasn't until I got on the plane to Iowa that I panicked about the pitch. In a stroke of dumb luck, I found myself seated next to Matt Goeke, an 11-year-old Little League player who agreed to serve, in a limited, seated capacity, as my pitching coach. He gave me a piece of Bubble Yum, the official gum of Major League Baseball, to chew on the mound. He also drew some diagrams, mostly of a baseball and where the stitches are. "Don't try to be somebody else. Don't try to gun it. Get your own good windup," he advised, until I informed him that I didn't have anyone's windup, including my own. He smiled and turned away.

In a last effort before heading out to the mound, I asked Mr. Shucks, the corn ear with a baseball head, for advice. It was then I learned Mr. Shucks is a woman. I found this oddly exciting.

Although I had suggested some ideas for my introduction,

I was as surprised as the other 1,914 people in the stadium to hear all three minutes of them read over the p.a. The endless encomium consisted of sentences like "Mr. Stein is an active participant in many clubs and organizations" and "Although in previous first pitches he has been accused of scuffing the ball, Mr. Stein would like to point out that nothing has ever been proved." There was no laughter.

The pitch did not go well. Frazzled by my introduction, I bounced it in front of home plate and then, forgetting Goeke's advice to look happy if I messed up, made a facial expression that was far more Woody Allen than Kevin Costner. As local sports columnist Mike Hlas commented, "That was one bad throw. I know it's not as easy as it looks, but man." Even worse, Veronica Portillo, a girlfriend of one of the players, said, "You looked a little old for the first pitch. They're usually little kids." But her friend Shannon Kroll said, "Your outfit looked good." I should reveal here that I bought Shannon a beer. In fact, I bought a lot of people beer. You can't help it when you're in Iowa. Not so much because everyone is nice but because beer is really cheap.

By the third inning, I'd made lots of friends. I did color in the radio booth with John Rodgers, who explained how Cedar Rapids was a city of five seasons: winter, spring, summer, fall and "time," which they always make sure to enjoy. I think of Cedar Rapids as the city with a poor grasp of the word season.

Even though I was there for only one day, I miss my friends in Iowa. They weren't tough and silent like I'd expected but welcoming and open. I know if I ever go back, they'll always be there for me. After all, I buy them beer.



## MAESTRO RACE

**BOW FINGERS** is anti-Semitism the only thing World Church of the Creator supremacist Matt Hale and Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan have in common? Nope. Both are serious violinists. As they're both from Illinois, maybe a duet is in the offing? A glimpse at their musical preferences:



**FARRAKHAN**

Felix Mendelssohn

**COMPOSER** Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn

**MUSICAL NOTE** "Music will open a way to dialogue and erase the bitterness"



**HALE**

Peter Tchaikovsky

**COMPOSER** Romeo and Juliet's theme by Nino Rota

**MUSICAL NOTE** Calls Romeo and Juliet film theme "a very emotional and moving piece"

## REFURBISHING



**WHAT FUR? BECAUSE** Bored with last Christmas' hot toy? Don't just toss him. After all, Furby has as much computing power as an Apple II. Some fun ideas from a growing group of Furby hackers: A 2-WATT RADIO put next to Furby can change his personality, even his name. ROTATE FACIAL GEARS to make Furby sleep with his eyes open. A UNIVERSAL TV REMOTE makes him do weird stuff, like burp continuously. A PALM PILOT can be configured to control his Furbish. Download the program at [homestead.com/hackfurby](http://homestead.com/hackfurby).

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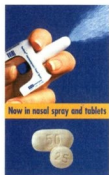
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Now in nasal spray and tablets

### Ask your doctor if IMITREX is right for you.

IMITREX is a prescription medicine created specifically for the acute treatment of migraine attacks in adults. You should not take IMITREX if you have certain types of heart or blood vessel disease, a history of stroke or TIAs, or uncontrolled blood pressure. Very rarely, certain people, even some without heart disease have had serious heart-related problems.

So talk to your doctor, especially if you have risk factors for heart disease, like smoking, diabetes, high blood pressure or high cholesterol; or if you're pregnant, nursing or taking medications.

1. Source: Physician Drug and Diagnosis Audit (PDDA), November 1996–October 1997, Scott-Levin, a Division of Scott-Levin, PMS, Inc.

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Please see the important information on the following page.

## IMITREX<sup>®</sup> sumatriptan succinate Tablets and IMITREX<sup>®</sup> sumatriptan Nasal Spray

Patient Information about Imitrex Tablets and Imitrex Nasal Spray for migraine headaches.  
Generic name: sumatriptan succinate, sumatriptan

Please read this summary of information about Imitrex before you take it or tell your doctor or start using Imitrex. No summary can take the place of a careful discussion between you and your doctor. Only your doctor has the medical training and the complete prescribing information necessary to determine if this is the best medicine for you. This summary is not intended to discuss with you your doctor whether Imitrex is appropriate treatment for you and ask any questions you may have.

### WHAT IS IMITREX?

IMITREX is the brand name of sumatriptan, a drug intended to relieve your migraine headaches but not to prevent or reduce the number of migraine headaches you experience. Imitrex should be used only to treat an actual migraine attack. Imitrex can be obtained only with a doctor's prescription and should be used by adults only after discussing the choice with your doctor, taking into account your individual preferences and medical circumstances.

### HOW DOES IMITREX WORK?

How Imitrex works is not completely understood. Imitrex is a 5-HT<sub>1</sub> agonist that seems to relieve migraine headaches by acting like a brain chemical called 5-hydroxytryptamine, causing some blood vessels in the head that are swollen during a migraine to contract (that is, to become smaller), which helps relieve migraine headache.

### IMPORTANT SAFETY CONSIDERATIONS

Although the vast majority of patients who have taken Imitrex have experienced serious heart problems and, rarely, considering the effectiveness of Imitrex, some deaths have been reported. In at least a few instances, however, serious problems occurred in patients with known heart disease, and it was not clear whether Imitrex was a contributing factor in these deaths.

Serious events relating to the blood vessels in the heart (i.e., brain hemorrhage, stroke) have been reported in patients who were taking Imitrex. Some of these have resulted in death; however, the relationship of Imitrex to these events is uncertain. In a number of these cases, it appears possible that patients were not experiencing a migraine but rather an event due to blood vessel disease in the heart. Imitrex was given in the expected belief that the person may have been suffering a migraine. Therefore, you should take Imitrex if the headache or other symptoms are different from your usual migraine attacks. People who suffer from migraines may be at increased risk of certain blood vessel events in the brain (i.e., hemorrhage, stroke, or transient ischemic attack).

Ask your doctor about these and additional safety considerations.

### WHO SHOULD NOT TAKE IMITREX?

Some types of migraine headaches should not be treated with Imitrex, and some patients should not take Imitrex because of an increased risk of serious side effects.

■ If you have had a heart attack, stroke, transient ischemic attack, peripheral vascular disease (including ischemic bowel disease or Raynaud's syndrome), or any sort of heart disease or symptoms that are associated with constriction of blood vessels, such as ischemic heart disease, angina, or coronary artery aneurysms, you should not use Imitrex.

■ If you have uncontrolled high blood pressure, you should not use Imitrex.

■ If you are taking certain drugs for depression, talk with your doctor. Imitrex should not be used if you take or have been taking the last 2 weeks, monoamine oxidase inhibitors (MAOIs).

■ Your doctor will discuss with you the type of migraine headaches you have. If you have hemorrhagic or basilar migraines, you should not take Imitrex. Imitrex should be used only in patients who have been diagnosed by a physician as having migraine with or without aura.

■ Tell your doctor about any other medications you are taking. If you are currently taking any migraine medications that include ergot alkaloids, such as methergoline or dihydroergotamine or 5-HT<sub>1</sub> agonists, do not take Imitrex within 24 hours of taking these medications.

■ Do not take Imitrex if you are allergic to sumatriptan or any of the ingredients in Imitrex.

### WHAT MEDICAL PROBLEMS OR CONDITIONS SHOULD I DISCUSS WITH MY DOCTOR?

If you have risk factors for heart problems, you should tell your doctor. Your doctor should examine you for heart disease to see whether Imitrex is appropriate for you. Risk factors include high blood pressure, high cholesterol, obesity, diabetes, and smoking. Other patients with risk factors for heart disease are women who are postmenopausal (without natural menopause or menopause resulting from surgery), men over 40 years old, or patients with a family history of heart disease. If you have risk factors and your evaluation for heart disease is satisfactory, your doctor may ask you to take the first dose of Imitrex in the doctor's office.

■ Tell your doctor if you have chest pains, shortness of breath, or irregular heart beats.

■ Tell your doctor if you are taking selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs).

■ Tell your doctor if you have a history of epilepsy or seizures.

■ Tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems.

■ Tell your doctor if you have ever had to stop taking any medication because of an allergy or other problems.

### USE OF IMITREX DURING PREGNANCY AND BREASTFEEDING

Do not take Imitrex if you are pregnant. Think you may be pregnant, are trying to become pregnant, or are using adequate birth control methods, or are breast-feeding, unless you have discussed this with your doctor.

### HOW TO USE IMITREX TABLETS OR NASAL SPRAY

**Tablets:** For adults, the usual dose is a single tablet taken whole with fluids. A second tablet may be taken if your symptoms of migraine come back or if you have partial response to the first dose, but no sooner than 2 hours after taking the first tablet. For a given attack, if you have no response to the first tablet, do not take a second tablet without first consulting with your doctor. Do not take more than a total of 200 mg of Imitrex Tablets in any 24-hour period.

**Nasal Spray:** For adults, the usual dose is a single spray administered into one nostril once your headache comes back, a second nasal spray administered into the other nostril 2 hours after administering the first spray. For a given attack, if you have no response to the first nasal spray, do not take a second nasal spray without first consulting your doctor. Do not administer more than a total of 40 mg of Imitrex Nasal Spray in any 24-hour period. The effects of long-term treatment use of Imitrex Nasal Spray on the surface of the nose and throat have not been specifically studied.

The safety of treating an average of more than four headaches in a 30-day period has not been established.

### WHAT ARE THE POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS OF USING IMITREX?

Do not rely on this summary alone for information about side effects. Your doctor can discuss with you a more complete list of side effects that may be experienced. Do not stop taking Imitrex. The most frequently seen side effects are tingling and numbness sensations with Imitrex Tablets and headache relief with Imitrex Nasal Spray.

■ Some patients feel pain or tightness in the chest or throat when using Imitrex. If this happens to you, discuss it with your doctor before using any more Imitrex. If the pain is severe or does not go away, call your doctor immediately.

■ If you have sudden or severe abdominal pain after taking Imitrex, call your doctor immediately.

■ Shortness of breath, wheeziness, heart throbbing, swelling of the eyelids, nose, lips, or a skin rash, skin bumps, or hives happen rarely, but if they happen to you, tell your doctor immediately. Do not take any more Imitrex unless your doctor tells you to.

■ Some patients have feelings of tingling, heat, flushing, numbness, or the loss of a short time, lightheadedness, or a feeling of pressure after taking Imitrex. A few patients may feel drowsy, dizzy, sick, or experience nose irritation (Nasal Spray only). Tell your doctor about these effects of your use.

■ If you feel unwell in any other way or have any problem that you do not understand after taking Imitrex, tell your doctor immediately.

### WHAT SHOULD I DO IF I TAKE AN OVERDOSE?

If you have taken more medication than you have been told, contact either your doctor, a hospital emergency department, or the nearest poison control center immediately.

### HOW SHOULD I STORE IMITREX?

Be sure to keep your medicine in an area that cannot be reached by children. It may be harmful to children.

IMITREX Tablets and Imitrex Nasal Spray should be stored at room temperature and do not require refrigeration. Do not store above 86°F (30°C) or below 36°F (2°C). Store away from heat and light. If your medication has expired (the expiration date is printed on the label), throw it away as instructed. If your doctor decides to stop your treatment with Imitrex, do not stop any further medication unless your doctor tells you to do so. These 8 ways are instructed.

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Web site: www.glaxowellcome.com

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The world's most dangerous terrorist  
has discovered the ultimate weapon...  
and the Earth revolves around it.

# COLSTICE

A THRILLER

DAVID HEWSON

"Utterly terrifying....It's an up-until-dawn read,  
and David Hewson is a writer to watch."

—Douglas Preston and Lincoln Child,  
bestselling authors of *The Relic* and *Riptide*

"Hewson is a master at building tension and intrigue,  
and this novel is exceptional. It's a story that boasts  
both remarkable literary flair and a finely honed sense  
for what keeps readers turning pages."

—Vince Flynn, author of *Term Limits*

"A white-knuckle, high-velocity, adrenaline-pumping  
super thriller. Hewson delivers the goods."

—Joseph Garber, bestselling author of *Vertical Run*

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## MILESTONES

**BORN. WYATT GORE SCHIFF**, son of Vice President Al Gore's daughter Karenna Gore Schiff and husband Andrew Schiff, on July 4. He is the Gores' first grandchild.

**MARRIAGE ANNULLED.** Between former model **JERRY HALL** and senescent rocker **MICK JAGGER**. Jagger's legal tack—that their Hindu wedding on Bali nine years ago was not binding—didn't prevent his ceding to Hall a sum London tabloids put at \$15.5 million. The couple, who have four children, reached a settlement the day their divorce trial was to start.



**DIED. MARK O'BRIEN**, 49, author and poet; from complications of bronchitis; at his home in Berkeley, Calif. O'Brien, the subject of the Academy Award-winning documentary *Breathing Lessons*, wrote by typing with a stick in his mouth. He lived in a 650-lb. iron lung most of his life.

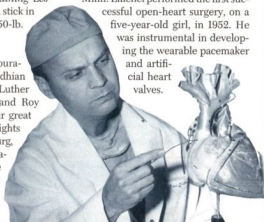
**DIED. JAMES FARMER**, 79, courageous, booming-voiced Gandhian who along with Martin Luther King Jr., Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins was one of the four great architects of the U.S. civil rights movement; in Fredericksburg, Va. Farmer's Congress of Racial Equality provided the nonviolent vanguard for the perilous sit-ins and Freedom Rides to integrate the

public places and transport of the South in the 1950s and '60s. Asked by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy to postpone some of their actions so that people could "cool off," Farmer replied, "We have been cooling off for 350 years."



**DIED. CHARLES ("Pete") CONRAD**, 69, third man to walk on the moon; in a motorcycle accident; in Ojai, Calif. Conrad was one of the more colorful astronauts. Setting foot on the lunar surface he said, "Whoopie! That may have been one small [step] for Neil, but it's a long one for me!" Recently he had been trying to start a space airline.

**DIED. DR. C. WALTON LILLEHEI**, 80, surgical pioneer; of cancer; in St. Paul, Minn. Lillehei performed the first successful open-heart surgery, on a five-year-old girl, in 1952. He was instrumental in developing the wearable pacemaker and artificial heart valves.



## NUMBERS

**4.3%** National unemployment rate  
**73%** Unemployment rate for South Dakota's Oglala Lakota Sioux, whom President Clinton visited last week

**63** Years since a sitting President has visited an Indian reservation



**800 million** Estimated number of pages stored on the World Wide Web as of February, up from about 320 million 15 months earlier

**16%** Proportion of the Web reached by the most comprehensive search engine, down from 34% for the previous study's best engine



**5,372** Number by which single men 45 and younger outnumber single women their age in Santa Clara County, Calif., the heart of Silicon Valley

**537,311** Number by which single women outnumber single men in New York City

**2,950** Miles from Santa Clara County to New York City

**1** The loneliest number

Sources: The White House, Nature, AP, Reuters

## THEN & NOW

### SECONDS BETTER

The time it takes the fastest humans to run a mile keeps dropping. Hicham el Guerrouj set a new record last week, 45 years after Roger Bannister broke the mystical four-minute barrier. How the two speedsters compare:



**Runner** **ROGER BANNISTER**, 25, British, 154 lbs.  
**Record** 3 min., 59.4 sec. (1954)  
**Diet** Postwar British; ate roast pork and potatoes before the race  
**Training** Coached himself, ran five half-hour sessions per week  
**Shoes** Approx. 7 oz., with steel spikes  
**Weather** Chilly; strong 15-m.p.h. winds  
**Surface** Hard cinder track, rain-soaked  
**Added hurdles** Bannister was taking exams in the weeks prior to the race

**HICHAM EL GUERROUJ**, 24, Moroccan, 128 lbs.  
3 min., 43.13 sec.  
Carefully monitored; high in carbohydrates, low in fat  
Spends 10 months a year at Moroccan training camp, Ifrane  
5.2 oz., with aluminum spikes  
Warm and dry  
Synthetic track  
Recent knee injury and an uncle's death





# NEW YORK ST

Hillary Clinton opens her undeclared candidacy for the U.S. Senate by making a show of listening—and sidling away from Bill

By ERIC POOLEY ONEONTA

**O**N THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST of her life—last Wednesday, when she flew from Washington to upstate New York to begin the obligatory “exploratory” phase of her campaign for the U.S. Senate—Hillary Rodham Clinton ordered her motorcade to stop just outside the Binghamton airport. She hopped out of her van and, as a look of *uh-oh, here-we-go* flickered across the face of one of her Secret Service agents, plunged into a crowd of 50 well-wishers—the first spontaneous mosh-pit moment of Clinton’s strange and improbable proto-campaign. She hugged children, signed autographs, posed for snapshots, and made deep and significant eye contact with as many peepers as possible. (There could be no doubt who had taught her the mystical arts of the rope line.) When 15-year-old Stephanie Stein handed her a photograph, Clinton gazed at it for a few long, respectful moments, and one got the feeling that the photo contained the apotheosis of youthful achievement. Then Hillary locked eyes with the girl and asked, “You’ve been a cheerleader for how long now?” “Four years,” Stephanie said proudly. In the picture, she was going through her pom-pom paces for Binghamton High. “Four years,” Hillary marveled. “Wow.”

Looking for the sunny, specious hucksterism of the campaign trail? Step right up—Hillary will give it to you. This year’s model is advertised as new and improved—less formidable and more fun, tenderized by a year of public humiliation, performing



Photographs for TIME by Diana Walker

T I O N

# STATE OF MINE



the silly rituals that campaigns are made of (hefting Hank Aaron's bat at the Baseball Hall of Fame, tucking into barbecue at a local rib joint) and loving them. Though one can't help suspecting that she sometimes feels she's slumming, she never lets it show. No doubt she is genuinely enjoying this moment of stepping out on her own, serving her ambition after 25 years of serving Bill's. (She has been thinking about doing this since at least 1990, when, according to former Clinton strategist Dick Morris, she considered running for Arkansas Governor if Bill decided not to stand for re-election.) The simple pleasure she takes in campaigning—probing genuinely serious policy issues; meeting people who regard her with thunderstruck awe, as if she were Joan of Arc in a minivan—may seem banal, but it's crucial to the whole venture. If it weren't fun, she'd pull the plug, but right now that's about as likely as her switching to the G.O.P. She told a group of reporters last Thursday, "It is a different feeling to be the person who is in the spotlight voluntarily and speaking on my own behalf... You know, yesterday was the first time I had ever done it... I loved what I did." Says an adviser: "I don't think there's any way she's going to tire of this."

But will New York tire of her? Sixteen months before the election, Clinton is a



**HELLO, GOODBYE** She is a vessel for supporters' hopes and dreams, opponents' fears and hatreds



**MEDIA FARM** Some 300 journalists came to see Moynihan pass the torch

vessel for the hopes, dreams and sympathies of her supporters (typical refrain: "I admire you so much as a person") and for the fears and hatreds of her many detractors (HILLARY GO HOME signs sprouted wherever she went last week). There are legions on both sides, and neither can quite believe she is actually going to bring her soap opera to their state. But bring it she will. Where a lesser person might be having a post-traumatic breakdown right about now, Hillary is breaking a campaign—and, it would seem, the time of her life. Is this politics, psychotherapy, or a little of both? Whatever the answer, the campaign for Senate is filling a large need. It would take a catalysis to keep her out of this race.

After all those years spent learning from the master, it's no surprise that her candidate's persona last week was profoundly Clintonian—by turns folksy and falsely humble, dazzlingly smart and suddenly peremptory, as when she ignored or brushed aside inconvenient questions about the Lewinsky scandal (the affair that helped make this run possible, after all, by boosting sympathy and softening her image). All week long she tried her best to stick to a script that called on her to listen and learn, seeming to absorb knowledge and wisdom from local experts and average folks in Oneonta, Cooperstown, Utica, Rome and Syracuse. The self-effacing, studious pose is supposed to buy time and get people accustomed to a startling sight: the first First Lady ever to run for office, doing so while her husband still occupies his. But this phase of her campaign, which will involve two- or three-day jaunts around New York most weeks

through the summer and fall, is designed to accomplish an array of other objectives too.

First, her "listening sessions"—90-minute round-table discussions on health care, education reform and the like—are meant to bore the daylight out of the press corps, driving them on to other stories, dousing the flames of hype, reducing the size of her pack so she can campaign in a quasi-normal fashion. Some 300 media types covered her kickoff endorsement at Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's Delaware County farm last Wednesday, and the education event that afternoon began a war of attrition. Says an adviser: "It was fun to watch the TV cameras shut down and leave the room one by one." On Thursday the media horde had dwindled to 200; by Friday it was down to 75.

The Never Ending Tour's second strategic purpose is to have Clinton spend so much time in New York that she becomes part of the scenery. She's hoping this will help neutralize what she called "a very fair question," the charge that she is a carpet-bagger with no ties to the state and no business running there. (She wants her novelty to wear off but not her celebrity.)

Third, by appearing modest and thirsty for the wisdom of New Yorkers—taking notes, asking questions—she hopes to erase, as much as possible, the memory of the arrogant know-it-all of 1994 who designed a 1,364-page health-care reform plan in secret sessions. At a medical center in Cooperstown, Clinton voiced her impa-



**INDULGING**—and perhaps even enjoying—the silly rituals of the

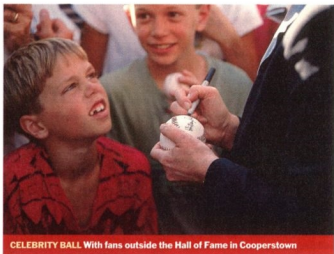
tience with incremental health-care reform, "the school of smaller steps" she and her husband have been forced to rely on ever since; the patient's bill of rights, though she supports it, is a mere "diversion" from the real problems: greedy drug companies, miserly managed-care combines, 43 million uninsured Americans. But at the same forum she had the nerve to say that when she approaches health issues, "I'm only a patient. I'm just a lay person."

**T**HAT'S HOKUM, OF COURSE—THE bit of flimflam at the core of her listening tour. Hillary knew more about health care and education than most of the panelists she was listening to last week. She displayed an extraordinary command of policy detail, a steely anger on behalf of those getting screwed by the health and education systems, a fine ear for the telling local anecdote (such as the Ithaca car-crash victim denied insurance coverage after she failed to get preapproval for her emergency helicopter evacuation because she was unconscious at the time). But she was the Woman Who Knew Too Much. When a panelist at the ed-

**“It is a different feeling to be the person in the spotlight**



campaign trail, Hillary ate barbecue in an Oneonta restaurant



CELEBRITY BALL With fans outside the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown

ucation forum in Oneonta talked about an early-elementary remediation program called Reading Recovery, Hillary couldn't contain herself. "I know something about this program because I've followed it and I've supported it for, I guess, more than 10 or 12 years," she began, "ever since I learned about it being pioneered in New Zealand." It was classic Hillary. Time and again she would ask some nuanced question that her panelists were unable to answer—and then she would answer it herself.

**Hillary:** Is the Medicaid reimbursement formula now significantly different from most managed-care reimbursement rates?

**Expert:** Uh, I don't know.

**Hillary:** Well, what I'm being told is, in some parts of the country the managed-care rate is not much better if at all better than the Medicaid rate, but there still is resistance toward [accepting] Medicaid patients.

**Expert:** [stunned silence]

In politics, it's not smart to seem too smart. Bill Clinton uses his intellect to dazzle audiences, but he does it in an inclusive way. He articulates things people know but can't quite express. Hillary sometimes can't help intimidating them. At a senior citizens' center in Utica, a teacher told her that she

a whole row of wheelchairs, not just one or two." The teacher hung her head. "I apologize; we do that," she said. Bill would have saved her ego. Hillary asked for another question, but for a long, silent moment, there weren't any. Her listeners didn't want to cross swords with her, and who could blame them? But when the session was over, they all came up for autographs.

The listening events also let Clinton demonstrate what she has been learning about the state's history and economy, its people and problems. Once or twice on each day of her tour, she showed off her prize stat the way a dog parades a bone: "If upstate New York were a separate state," she said, "it would rank 49th in job creation and economic development." And that's more than a stat—it's an indication of how she'll run against her probable opponent, New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani.

In upstate New York, it's still the economy, stupid. Since 1960 the city of Utica, for example, has lost half its population—down to 64,000 from 125,000—and much of the region has scarcely benefited from the boom of the 1990s, suggesting that the same lunch-pail issues that delivered New York to Bill in 1992 could help deliver it to Hillary in

2000. Her signature concerns—economic fairness and child welfare, education reform and affordable health care—won't carry the largely Republican upstate against Giuliani, but they could keep it close enough for her to win, since she's likely to beat him handily in his own (Democratic) hometown. The race's great unknown is who would take the New York City suburbs, where both are very popular.

Before she starts dealing with all that, however, Hillary has to define herself as a candidate distinct from her husband. At first, her advisers were worried that doing so would lead to a spate of "rift" articles of the kind that have been chronicling tensions between Al Gore and the President. But Hillary and her team believe it is most important to ever-so- gingerly demonstrate that she is not his policy clone. (When she considered running for Governor of Arkansas in 1990, Morris has said, his polling indicated that voters would see her as a "stand-in" for Bill. She won't let that happen this time.) And so last week Hillary began opening up about policy agreements and disagreements—programs she had fought for behind the scenes at the White House, such as the child health-insurance plan called CHIP ("I worked very hard to make sure we got it done") and a proposed tax credit to help pay for long-term care ("a proposal that the President and I unveiled together earlier this year"). She tried to inoculate herself against charges of being too liberal by saying she urged Clinton to sign the welfare-reform bill of 1996 ("The system was so broken ... we had to clear the decks").

voluntarily ... I loved [it]."

—HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON



And she stepped away from him on several New York issues—beginning the move from First Lady to candidate in a place where the politics are famously loud and cartoonish.

The most glaring example was a letter she sent to the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, which represents nearly 1,000 Jewish synagogues around the U.S. In it she wrote that she considers Jerusalem "the eternal and indivisible capital of Israel" and wants to see the U.S. embassy moved there from Tel Aviv. Neither position reflects Administration policy, but both reflect New York political reality. Hillary's advisers were feeling swell about the letter, because for the first time, as one says, "she made a judgment that the dictates of New York politics were going to structure what she did. She crossed a Rubicon." In other words, she had the good sense to notch her first abject pander to a New York interest group. (She then wasted no time notching her second, coming out in favor of price supports for New York dairy farmers.) Pop the corks.

With her Jerusalem letter, Hillary was working hard to undo some of the damage she did among Jews in May 1998, when she made the mistake of saying what most Americans think—the Palestinians should have a state of their own. (Her latest position doesn't preclude statehood, it seems, so long as the new state's capital isn't Jerusalem.)

The other policy friction between Bill and Hillary involves the effect that \$5 billion in Administration-proposed Medicare cuts would have on New York teaching hospitals in the next five years. She talks frequently these days about getting New York "its fair share," and here's an issue where she has a chance to do so. Moynihan is sponsoring legislation to restore the cuts; Senator Chuck Schumer and Dennis Rivera, New York's hospital workers' union chief and a key Hillary supporter, recently arranged a White House meeting to discuss them. Hillary attended and voiced support for New York's cause, but has since declined to express any thing more than "concern" over the issue.

Hillary is not yet ready to use her juice to alter Administration policy, and perhaps she shouldn't be. She is, after all, only an undeclared candidate. All the same, Rivera was said to be "livid" (New York power brokers are always getting "livid"—that's part of the fun), even though they must know she needs time before she can break with the President on an issue like Medicare. "She's married to the guy—she can't just flip a switch and become a noisy fighter for New York," says an adviser. "It's got to be gradual, appropriate and reasonable." But New York, as Hillary well knows, has never been a reasonable place. It has a way of making you shout, even when all you want to do is listen. ■

# IN RUDY'S PLA



**GET ME CON ED!** The mayor takes charge in Washington Heights after the blackout

By MARGARET CARLSON NEW YORK

**W**HEN HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON emerged last week in her new guise as Senate candidate, she stood in a beautiful pasture, basking in the glow of Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, for the moment channeling Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm rather than Eleanor Roosevelt. Meanwhile, her likely opponent for Moynihan's seat, Mayor Rudy Giuliani, was striding the gritty streets of Manhattan in the middle of New York City's worst blackout since 1977, looking, if not senatorial, like a take-charge Man of the People.

Minutes into a shutdown that plunged 200,000 people in upper Manhattan into darkness, Giuliani was in his Chevy Suburban, shooting up to Washington Heights. Get me the police chief! Get me the fire chief! Get me Con Ed!—and while you're at it, get me a lawyer! Let's sue those bastards. Out on the beat until 2:30 a.m. and then back at noon, trailing emergency types with walkie-talkies, flashing lights and sirens, the mayor personally eyeballed the intersections to see that the 1,000 extra police officers were at their assigned posts. A small neighborhood parade followed him down Amsterdam Avenue with questions, complaints and surprising good humor. When a brightly colored bird perched on his arm, it seemed as if the circus had come to town.

It was the crisis from Central Casting: exquisitely timed, high profile but manageable, with an identifiable villain—an unsympathetic power utility worthy of the mayor's scolding, warring self. "This isn't a natural disaster. It's a man-made disaster," he barked. Only a dimwit wouldn't realize "that in the summer, it gets hot." He's keeping score: "We had nine arrests last night. In '77 there were 850 fires set, thousands of arrests and over \$100 million in damages."

The day went so well, one might have thought Rudy had pulled the plug himself. While Hillary has to play down the trappings of the White House to make it look as though she actually lives in the state she wants to represent, the mayor struts across the most famous stage in the world, starring in one campaign-ready event after another, with a stash of enviable props—search-and-rescue boats, choppers, fire engines and several championship sports teams to cheer for, including the Yankees, whose pinstripes he wore as a kid in Brooklyn. He can even light the lights on Broadway. On Wednesday he quashed his police chief's recommendation that the theaters go dark on Millennium Eve. HIZZONER SEE: THE SHOW MUST GO ON.

Last week Rudy and Hillary kept their battered, tormented psyches under control, but how long can it be before she lashes out at the vast right-wing conspiracy and he lashes out at everyone else: food vendors he doesn't approve of, uncured dog owners, community gardens (sell 'em) and jaywalk-



# YGROUND

While Hillary tours Upstate, Giuliani shows that he still holds the home-field advantage

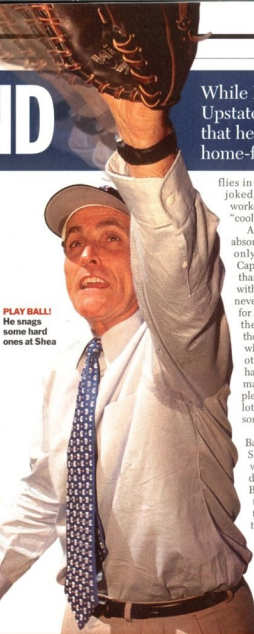
ers? But so long as his Inner Tyrant is dormant, Rudy is one photo op after another. As Hillary traveled the state "listening," the mayor never sat down or shut up. While she got away with answering a measly eight questions from reporters, Rudy was taking eight a minute at his five press conferences in 16 hours. As she was visiting farmers and suburban moms, he galloped to Queens to play Mr. Crime Fighter, surrounded by New York's finest as he swore in a new class at the police academy.

Rudy is more admired than loved, but he doesn't much care. "It would be nice," he says of being liked, "but it's better to do the right thing, prove the city is manageable, so no one can ever say it isn't again." He's rightly criticized for tolerating police excesses, but with crime down and jobs up, Wall Street gushing and Times Square as clean as Fantasyland, he gets away with it. Because of the Catch-22 of First Ladies, Hillary doesn't have much of a record to tout. She can't take credit for exercising the power she's not supposed to have.

In matters personal, a Rudy-vs.-Hillary race would be heavily influenced by the principle of Mutual Assured Destruction. On Monica, Rudy says, "I'll never mention it." The mayor's marriage is almost as mysterious as Hillary's. In 1996 his wife of 12 years, TV journalist Donna Hanover, reverted to her professional name and virtually stopped appearing publicly with her husband. In a 1997 interview, she wouldn't say whether she voted for him. So rarely are they seen together that a sighting makes headlines, as it did last May when they danced at a wedding at Gracie Mansion.

So far, Rudy has engaged Hillary only at the margins. "I can't discuss what she's for until she says what she's for." He mocked her Yankee fandom by going to a Cubs game in Hillary's hometown. After one of Hillary's people said she wouldn't be vacationing in the Adirondacks because of the flies, Giuliani said he'd heard they had

**PLAY BALL!**  
He snags some hard ones at Shea



flies in Arkansas too. It was true, he joked, that he had never lived or worked in Arkansas, but it would be "cool" to be its Senator anyway.

Although he is known as a self-absorbed dictator, Giuliani would be only an average blowhard in the Capitol, so I find him more charming than his press clippings. He speaks without a text, makes his own calls, never goes off the record. We stop for lunch, and he puts a \$20 bill on the counter, and so do I—one of those postmodern-ethics moments when neither of us can accept the other's hospitality. He gives me half of his deep-dish pizza, having made the better choice. Sure, he's pleased with himself. But unlike a lot of smug pols, at least he has some reason to be.

For the mayor's second annual Baseball Is for Kids outing to Shea Stadium, unbearable heat gave way to a bright, clear sunshiny day. While Hillary was visiting the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, Rudy was doing the real thing, shouting, "Let's play ball!" to a group of children who swamped the mayor for autographs on their baseballs and shirts. Maybe it was all those free tickets he was giving away, or maybe it was this kinder, gentler version of Rudy, tossing grounders to the kids and giving them a chance to bat,

that won them over. Mets' co-owner Fred Wilpon, who went to college on a baseball scholarship and has a mean arm, engaged the mayor in a pitching matchup, hurling a hardball at him, moving back farther and farther, throwing harder and harder, showing his stuff. But there wasn't anything Rudy couldn't catch and return just as well. Wilpon was the first to miss. You could almost hear Rudy saying to Hillary, "Batter up!"

## From the Mouth of the Mayor...

■ On Monica "I'll never mention it, it only made them more popular. Anyway, it's not an issue of mine."

■ On being admired more than loved "It's better to do the right thing, prove the city is manageable, so no one can ever say it isn't again."

■ On Hillary's positions "I can't discuss what she's for until she says what she's for."

■ On his being regarded as a carpetbagger Upstate "She solved that problem for me."

Nancy Gibbs

## Spooked by the Surplus

With no more deficit, what can conservatives use to keep the spenders in line?

**W**HAT HAPPENS WHEN CONSERVATIVES die and go to heaven, and discover they may not like it there after all? Surely this moment in American history is as close to paradise as conservatives could ever have dreamed. The budget is not just balanced; it is running a surplus so big that it could total \$6 trillion over the next 15 years. A Democratic President travels to the poorest corners of the country, such a convert to the miracles of private enterprise that he brings with him not a bushel of federal promises but a bunch of business leaders whom he has deputized to solve the problems of the poor, with maybe a tax break or two as a sweetener. Lawmakers are talking about spending more on both defense and education while cutting taxes, fixing Medicare and paying down the national debt at the same time.

So why are conservatives so spooked?

Because as they look back on how they got here and at what lies ahead, some crusaders realize they may have missed the chance of a lifetime. By making a balanced budget the Holy Grail, conservatives never got around to the conversation they really care about: What size budget should be balanced? One trillion? Two? Half a trillion? How much of the nation's wealth should remain in private hands, and how much controlled by the federal Treasury? Hardly anyone imagined the day would come when the brakes came off, the deficit vanished and it would be possible to balance the budget while spending even more, not less. "It was a little like winning the cold war," says Heritage Foundation vice president Stuart Butler, "and wondering, What do we do now?"

The mighty surplus takes away the conservatives' most powerful weapon. In the campaign to roll back the welfare-state programs they hated, the deficit was an all-purpose weed whack-

er. Year after year, Republicans lived without big new tax cuts in return for the Democrats' giving up any hope of new spending. In that climate of discipline, the surplus took root. But it is much harder to keep those restraints in place when the Treasury seems awash in money. And those crowd-pleasing tax cuts? Though Republicans last week proposed a new capital-gains-tax reduction, it turns out the dreamy economy has left voters' pockets so full that polls show about 60% would rather

pansion ever in Medicare. He has proposed a \$156 billion "Children and Education Trust Fund" as well as new retirement-savings accounts. It's almost enough to make the budget hawks wish for recession.

Then there is the lack of discipline in the G.O.P. When Republican revolutionaries were running back in 1994, they stood before the voters and said, in essence, "If you want another wheat-research facility in this district, vote for the other guy. We don't need it, and our grandchildren will have to pay for it, and I won't do it."

Voters approved and conservatives cheered, but once in office the rebels seemed to forget the gospel they ran on—forgot their promise to serve only three terms, or to fight pork-barrel spending, or to forswear the politics of redistribution, in which you take money away from the folks who didn't vote for you just to hand it over to the ones who did.

Now the test will be whether any discipline at all can survive the headlines about the extra \$1,000,000,000,000 the government expects to find



Clinton, last week in rural Kentucky, seems to get everywhere first

spend the money on education, health care and other programs.

In the carnival of surplus politics, it is harder to argue that Medicare and Social Security require big structural changes, like privatization, means testing or raising the age of eligibility—even though, back in 1935, when it was set at 65, the average life expectancy was 61. Conservatives now see the fruits of restraint bearing the seeds of future deficits, if Congress approves all kinds of new spending this summer that can't be cut back whether the surplus actually materializes or not.

To make matters worse, Clinton got everywhere first, grabbed all the good seats. He embraced the Republican plan to lock the future Social Security surpluses away to pay down the debt, while also talking tax cuts and the largest ex-

under the mattress. So much depends on the projections' being right, when the happiest news of the year has been how wrong they turned out to be. Five years ago, the deficit for 1999 was projected at \$207 billion. Last February the budget office announced instead we would run a \$79 billion surplus; just four months later, it was \$99 billion.

The budget fight in the weeks to come will be a character test, more so than in the days when there wasn't enough money to do anything. Both sides have a long habit of spending money now that won't arrive until later, and promising that they'll cut something without saying exactly what. The fear is that Congress will get too drunk on prosperity to drive the budget home safely—and that's why conservatives aren't so keen about the party in the first place. ■

# Is Hate on The Rise?

Racist groups may not be growing, but they're finding deadlier recruits

By JOHN CLOUD

**B**EFORE LAST WEEK, IT WAS HARD TO imagine Matthew Hale ever amounting to much. Hale, 27, runs a racist hate group he grandly named the World Church of the Creator. But even as one of the largest such organizations in the nation, wccotc has at most a few thousand dues-paying \$35-a-year members, many of whom were recruited on the Internet and have never so much as gathered in a beer hall. The group's headquarters is Hale's bedroom in his dad's house in East Peoria, Ill. It measures members' success by the number of racist leaflets they can distribute in a month, which is absurd to those of us who trash anything left under windshield wipers. A law school graduate, Hale can't even practice his profession: a state bar panel said in December that his racism makes him morally unfit. Should we really fear people like this, guys twisted enough to make a religion of their race—and dorky enough to live with their parents?

Unfortunately, last week the answer seemed to be yes. Benjamin Smith, a 21-year-old wccotc sympathizer who had been so close to Hale he moved to Peoria to be near him, recently became convinced that the group's goal of white victory in the coming racial holy war couldn't be achieved through propaganda alone. Setting off July 2 from the Chicago suburbs where he was raised, Smith shot 11 Asian Americans, blacks and Jews, killing two, before committing suicide July 4 in southern Illinois.



ON THE WANE: Aryan Nation parades are less popular, but Web groups thrive

To be sure, organized hate groups have not achieved great financial or political power; in fact, the old Aryan Nation-style groups are struggling. But authorities believe violence motivated by hate is increasing, in part because hate groups now wield powerful new tools, including the Internet and the arts of media management, to attract a different breed of racist. More college kids and suburban residents have joined, and wccotc is even making direct appeals to women. Also drawn to the fiery words are loners who feel profoundly disaffected by societal change, young men who are already on the edge of violence.

The blow-dried Hale doesn't like to discuss these violence-prone members. He insisted last week that Smith didn't represent wccotc. "We don't condone these actions," he told TIME. But neither would he condemn the murders. Instead, wccotc staged a live Internet chat to keep up last week's publicity.

Lawyers for antihate groups are considering lawsuits against wccotc on behalf of Smith's victims, one of whom filed his own suit on Friday. The broader suits would probably charge that Hale and his group's rhetoric were responsible for Smith's shooting spree. Proving anything will be difficult,

but antihate lawyers hope such a lawsuit might bankrupt the group. In 1994 the Southern Poverty Law Center won a \$1 million fine against the wccotc's previous incarnation—called simply the Church of the Creator, a group founded by a former Florida legislator—because of its ties to violence. In the '90s alone, at least 10 of its members pleaded guilty to or were convicted of racially motivated crimes. Before Hale revived the group in 1996, it was nearly dead and gone because of faltering leadership and the successful lawsuit.

Even today, wccotc's websites contain plenty of incendiary language. One of its "16 Commandments" is to "destroy and banish all Jewish thought and influence." Hale has written of the need for a "total solution to the ills of this planet," echoing Hitler's call for a "final solution." That's just the sort of nonsense that could provoke a troubled loser looking for someone to blame for his plight. "The sophisticated bigots know they're not going to have a mass movement," says Rabbi Abraham Cooper of the Simon Wiesenthal Center, an antihate group in Los Angeles. "But with the help of the Internet they can recruit individuals who are prepared to act out." —Reported by Julie Grace and Timothy Roche/Chicago and Elaine Shannon/Washington

## THE FACES OF HATE ...

Smith, left, had been named "Creator of the Year" by the group run by Hale, right. Smith killed two in a July 4 weekend shooting spree



## ... HAVE SOME COMPANY

Hate in the '90s looks the same—Nazi-inspired insignia remain in vogue. But a Web presence is giving a new sense of community to dangerous loners



# Tobacco Takes a Hit

The industry loses its first class action. It could cost \$200 billion

By ADAM COHEN

**T**HE PLAINTIFFS WERE A GRIM COLLECTION of the walking wounded. Mary Farnan, who has been smoking since age 11, has lung cancer that has spread to her brain. Frank Amodeo's throat cancer forces him to eat through a hole in his stomach. Loren Lowery, a Vietnam veteran, has had part of his tongue cut out and his jaw replaced twice. Not the kind of opponents you'd want to challenge in front of a jury.

That's a lesson five tobacco companies learned the hard way last week, when a Florida jury found them liable for misleading smokers about the danger and addictiveness of cigarettes. Though the industry has settled big cases brought by several states seeking reimbursement for their costs in caring for victims of smoking-related illnesses, the Florida verdict marks Big Tobacco's first loss to individual citizens in a class action. It could signal even bigger liabilities in the future.

The Florida lawsuit, representing as many as 500,000 smokers, now enters the damages phase, seeking up to \$200 billion. And that's just one state. The verdict could give a boost to more than 60 class actions pending across the U.S. Says Stanford law school professor Robert Rabin: "The industry's fear all along has been catastrophic liability in one of these aggregate cases, where thousands of claims are tied together."

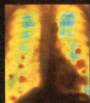
The first phase of the Florida trial took eight months and involved more than 39,000 documents. But the plaintiffs' lawyers kept it simple. Cigarettes are addictive and dangerous, they told the jury. The industry has manipulated nicotine levels to make cigarettes more addictive, they argued, and misrepresented the risks. "This didn't require any grand or innovative legal strategy, because the facts about the industry's behavior were bad enough," says



## THE CLAIMS IN THE FLORIDA CASE



**MISLEADING ADVERTISING**  
That the tobacco industry's ads make smoking seem glamorous and healthy rather than dangerous and addictive



**TOBACCO-RELATED ILLNESSES**  
That cigarette smoking causes cancer, coronary heart disease, stroke, emphysema and other ailments



**ADDICTIVENESS OF SMOKING**  
That nicotine, a key ingredient in cigarettes, is so addictive that many smokers who want to quit find it impossible to do so

## NATIONWIDE

**■ LOUISIANA**  
A group of smokers is suing to force 16 tobacco companies to pay the cost of testing as many as a million of them for tobacco-related illnesses

**■ NEW YORK**  
A trial court last week refused to let a lawsuit proceed as a class action. The plaintiffs claim that they got cancer as a result of smoking cigarettes

University of Miami law professor Clark Freshman.

The tobacco companies say they're being scapegoated. "It's by now common knowledge that smoking is more risky than not smoking," Philip Morris lawyer Robert Heim told the jury. Did the smokers miss all those Surgeon General's warnings? Said Heim: "If somebody started smoking a pack a day in 1966, they would have had an opportunity to see those warnings on the packs 200,000 times."

But nicotine is so addictive that even doctors who know they should quit can't do so, the plaintiffs argued. They added that the industry has muddied the waters about smoking's risks. For example, six tobacco CEOs told Congress a few years ago that nicotine isn't addictive. Yet tobacco companies also argue that everyone knows cigarettes are addictive and cause cancer.

To collect damages, each of the nine lead plaintiffs in the Florida case needs to show that he or she was deceived and that the illnesses were caused by smoking. So far, no one has figured out how to sort

through the individual claims of the other half a million class members. And it may not get that far. The defendants will no doubt appeal the jury's verdict, and they have often fared well on appeal. In a little more than a year, Florida appellate courts have thrown out a \$1 million verdict and a \$750,000 verdict in tobacco cases. The industry took heart last Friday when a Louisiana jury absolved two tobacco companies of responsibility in the cancer death of an individual smoker.

Still, 1999 is shaping up to be Big Tobacco's worst year in court. Even before the loss in Florida, a California court awarded \$26.5 million to a lung-cancer victim in February, and an Oregon court awarded \$32.8 million to another cancer victim in March. The latest cases suggest the public may no longer be buying the industry's defenses. When a tobacco executive at the Florida trial tried to deny that cigarettes are harmful, one juror could be seen rolling her eyes. A legal system that for decades favored the cigarette companies may be kicking the habit. —With reporting by Tim Padgett/Miami





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# WORLD

By PAUL QUINN-JUDGE MOSCOW

**W**HEN ALEXEI READS ABOUT A sensational contract killing—for example, the opposition Deputy Galina Starovoitova gunned down on the stairs of her apartment building last fall, or the St. Petersburg politician Mikhail Manevich hit five times at long range as his car sped down a busy street in August 1997, or the mafia leader felled by a sniper's single bullet as he left a steam bath—he has an eerie feeling. He wonders whether he trained the hit man. At times, he says, he imagines himself sitting next to the killer, checking his technique as he carries out the hit. Alexei—a pseudonym—is still in his 30s and was until a few years ago a senior officer in the Spetsnaz, the secret Russian special-forces units modeled on the U.S. Delta Force. When it comes to killing, Alexei knows of what he speaks: he was a specialist in the "physical elimination" of adversaries.

Highly classified and highly trained, the Spetsnaz once epitomized the menace and power of the Soviet state. But these days, the Russian military is in such deep decline that the dash last month by 200 of its airborne troops to Pristina airport—traveling over roads not much more dangerous than a Middle-American highway—was hailed as a major feat of arms. Morale is low throughout the Russian army, and the special forces are no exception. But unlike most Russian soldiers, the Spetsnaz have salable skills. They are snipers, explosives and communications specialists, experts in close combat and surveillance, trained to be cool under extreme pressure and to think for themselves. In the Russian marketplace today, that makes them perfect bodyguards and perfect killers. While most Spetsnaz veterans are law-abiding citizens, a small minority have crept into the nation's underworld, with devastating effect.

The decline of the Spetsnaz—and the way the public's perception of these special forces has swung from adulation to cynicism—symbolizes the way Russia has lost its bearings, its hopes for the future and its ideals. An elite group like the Spetsnaz was held together by a belief in the system, as more than half a dozen soldiers interviewed by TIME recall. No longer. "I swore

# A SINISTER

Once they embodied Soviet power, now the Spetsnaz



allegiance to Russia," says Alexei. "I don't identify the present regime with Russia." Many feel equally alienated from their corrupt commanders. A conversation with Sergei, a Spetsnaz noncommissioned officer, frequently drifts off into descriptions of how senior officers are stealing the funds for the upkeep of soldiers or even the barracks provided for them. Ivan, a former senior officer who suffered multiple concussions from artillery in Chechnya, explains that he could not obtain a disability pension because he did not have the several thousand dollars for the bribe that a military medical commission demanded to process his application.

Equally striking is the way the public's view of the Spetsnaz has changed. Ten years ago, the special forces were regarded as the country's secret weapon, the men who had overthrown the President of Afghanistan in his own palace and would strike deep inside Western Europe if a new world war broke out. This has changed. The most popular video in Russia last year was *Schizophrenia*. An unrelentingly



**PERSEVERING** To succeed, recruits must be fit, tough and very bright

## A ROUGH ROAD

**SETTING OUT** To qualify, recruits test their courage at a training center outside Moscow

**UNDER WAY** The harsh challenges include a 12-mile run and this obstacle course



# ER FORCE

snaz elite troops reflect Russia's dangerous chaos



bleak portrayal of modern Russia, it tells the story of a Spetsnaz-type officer who is framed by the security police and then forced to assassinate a banker planning a run against the incumbent President. The officer carries out the murder and is later eliminated by state-security thugs. Many Russians find the film plausible. Over the past year, for example, a number of current and former Spetsnaz officers from the Russian airborne forces have been arrested in connection with the 1994 murder of Dmitri Kholodov, an investigative journalist killed by a booby-trapped briefcase while he was working on a story about high-level military corruption.

Spetsnaz soldiers also hire themselves out to the underworld in less dramatic ways, Alexei says. "Say a crime boss is planning a confrontation with a rival," he explains. "He phones his Spetsnaz contact and asks for four or five guys. They take time off from their units and stand behind the boss, fully armed, while he talks to his rival. The other side sees they are serious kids and is impressed." For a couple of hours' work, they make \$200 each, Alexei says. If there is any shooting, their fee goes up to \$500. This is more than a year's salary for an experienced noncommissioned officer, who officially makes about \$30 a month.

**DARK HEART** Recruits must undergo brutal and often dangerous training to earn a place in the group that was once the nation's pride

Wretched salaries are not the only source of demoralization. Living conditions would provoke a mutiny in many countries. Sergei, the Spetsnaz noncommissioned officer, lives in a slum. Officially called non-commissioned officers' married quarters, his single room measures 5 ft. by 8 ft., and he lives there with his wife and daughter. Ten families share a rat-infested kitchen and a single toilet whose walls are rotting from dampness. Sergei does not wear his uniform when he goes into the city—civilians view soldiers as losers, he says.

Yet when he first joined the Spetsnaz, he felt great pride of accomplishment. In those days, it was rare to be recruited for the Spetsnaz, and even harder to qualify. Spetsnaz veterans across the country acted as informal talent scouts, identifying promising soldiers for their old units. The recruits were fit and tough, and sometimes edging dangerously close to trouble with the law. "The saying used to be," Ivan recalls, "that you went either into the Spetsnaz or into prison." They had something else in common, veterans say: though often unsophisticated, they were usually very bright. Volodya, a well-educated officer who commanded a Spetsnaz unit, remembers his men as "some of the most intelligent people I have ever known."

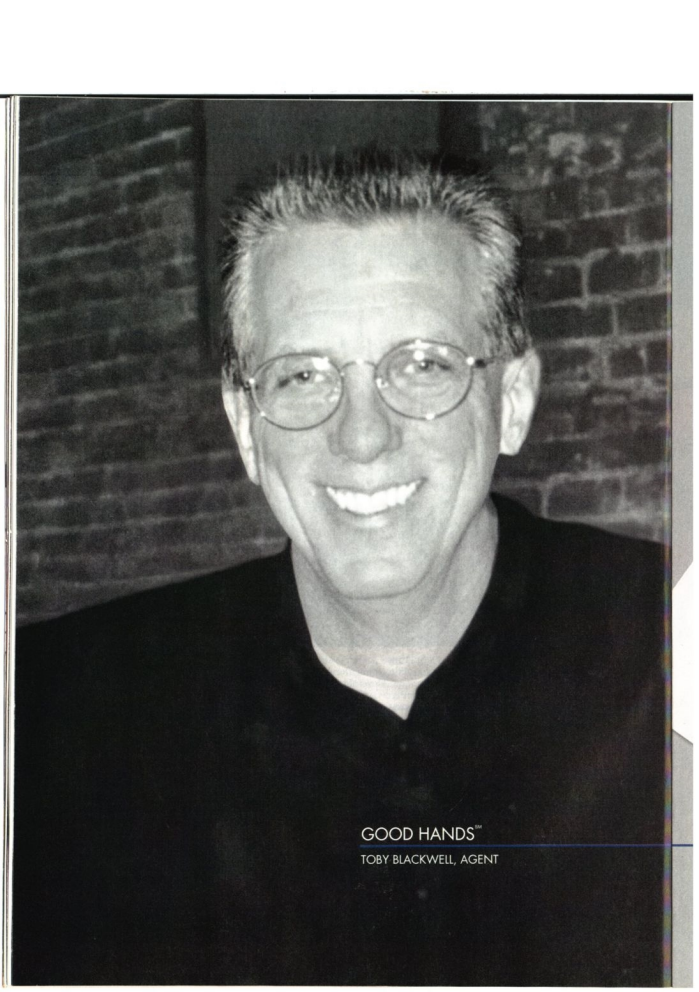
The training was and is brutal; it still culminates in a session of unarmed combat that would be forbidden by any Western army. The recruit must hold out for 12 minutes against three or four successive assailants, all qualified Spetsnaz soldiers. "Basically, they try to kill you," says Alexei. Occasionally they nearly succeed, and soldiers frequently end up hospitalized after the sessions. These days, when the battered but exhilarated survivors receive their maroon berets, they sometimes get something extra. Shady-looking civilians, who are there with the blessing of senior officers and are eager to meet the graduates, have been seen handing out envelopes containing money. For many Spetsnaz veterans, such scenes point to the heart of the matter. In their view, the Spetsnaz turned mafia hit man is less to blame than the corrupt state that has left its special forces to rot.

**ONE ON ONE**  
Training culminates in a recruit's surviving 12 minutes of unarmed combat against successive assailants, all qualified Spetsnaz soldiers



**AT THE END**  
Battered but exhilarated, only 1 cadet in 3 qualifies, but then he must face the confusion of a corrupt state that seems not to care for the elite troops





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Sincerely Yours,

Michael McDaniel

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AT WORK



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H E A L T H

# EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Forget what you know about eggs, margarine and salt. The conventional wisdom has been overturned—repeatedly—by surprising new research

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

**A** FEW DECADES AGO, TAKING CARE OF YOUR heart didn't seem all that complicated. You ate a balanced diet, didn't drink too much and got some fresh air and exercise—a round of golf, maybe. That was about it. Not that everyone, or even most people, actually lived up to these standards. But if you fell short, at least you knew what to feel guilty about.

Then we started hearing from the scientists. People who thought they were doing everything right, it turned out, were actually abusing their bodies—and in particular, their hearts. The cholesterol in steaks, cream, butter and especially those breakfast eggs was clogging arteries like sludge in a stopped-up drainpipe. Salt was poison: it drove up blood pressure and put an unhealthy strain on the ticker. Overeating and becoming overweight were a sure ticket to a coronary.

So, the thinking was, better cut out the steak, treat yourself to one egg a week (if you must), switch

from butter to margarine and hide the saltshaker. Oh, and don't waste time with golf. Vigorous, pulse-pounding exercise was the only way to keep your weight within limits—and just as important, your heart properly toned. It was a spartan regimen and made folks who didn't follow it feel guiltier than ever, but it retained the virtue of being comprehensible.

Recently, however, the scientists seem to have gone mad. Hardly a week goes by without some expert somewhere issuing a new report declaring that a particular food or vitamin or activity or condition will either restore your cardiovascular health or ruin it—and as often as not, the new advice seems to contradict the old. Among the new findings:

♥ **EGGS** aren't nearly as bad for the heart as doctors used to think. Sure, they're packed with cholesterol. But scientists now know that eating cholesterol doesn't necessarily result in high levels of harmful cholesterol in the blood, where the damage is done.

♥ **HOMOCYSTEINE**, a substance found in the blood, may turn out to be as important a risk factor for heart disease as dietary cholesterol.

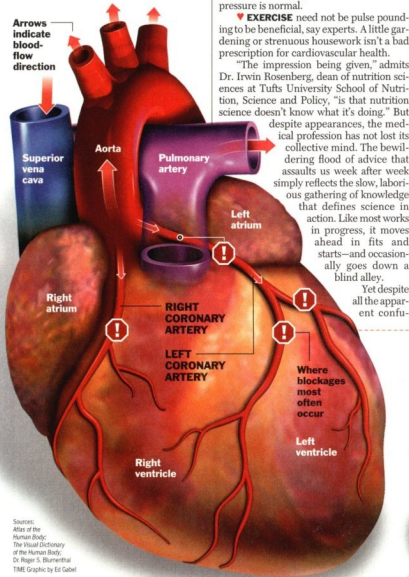
♥ **SATURATED FAT**, the kind found in red meat, butter and other animal products, may be a bigger

FOOD STYLING: NINA ADAM



## Where Heart Trouble Begins...

**H**EART ATTACKS HAPPEN WHEN coronary arteries become clogged with fatty deposits, depriving the heart muscle of the blood supply that nourishes it. The areas where such blockages are most likely to occur are labeled with a **!** on the heart below (shown actual size).



Sources:  
Atlas of the  
Human Body;  
The Visual Dictionary  
of the Human Body;  
Dr. Roger S. Blumenthal  
TIME Graphic by Ed Gabel

threat to the heart and blood vessels than cholesterol.

▼ **OTHER FATS**—olive oil, other vegetable oils and the oil found in salmon and tuna—can actually drive down bad cholesterol and keep blood flowing freely.

▼ **MARGARINE** can be just as harmful as butter, if not worse; a process that stiffens vegetable oil into an artery blocker. In general, the softer the margarine, the better. New butter substitutes, such as Benecol, can lower blood cholesterol.

▼ **SALT** has been considered taboo because it raises blood pressure. But it's not clear whether it's a problem for those whose pressure is normal.

▼ **EXERCISE** need not be pulse pounding to be beneficial, say experts. A little gardening or strenuous housework isn't a bad prescription for cardiovascular health.

"The impression being given," admits Dr. Irwin Rosenberg, dean of nutrition sciences at Tufts University School of Nutrition, Science and Policy, "is that nutrition science doesn't know what it's doing." But despite appearances, the medical profession has not lost its collective mind. The bewildering flood of advice that assaults us week after week simply reflects the slow, laborious gathering of knowledge that defines science in action. Like most works in progress, it moves ahead in fits and starts—and occasionally goes down a blind alley.

Yet despite all the apparent confusion,

scientists actually know a lot more today about what keeps the heart humming than they did a generation ago. The first glimmerings of understanding gathered 30 years ago were accurate as far as they went—but rudimentary. Today scientists have a much deeper understanding of what foods and activities are healthful or harmful—and why. The good news is that the path to a healthier heart is now pretty clear, once you master a few key concepts.

### FAT AND CHOLESTEROL

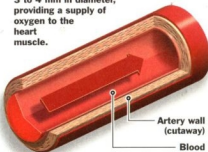
FAT HAS BEEN A STAPLE OF THE HUMAN diet since our remote ancestors started eating meat more than 2 million years ago. In the 1960s, however, researchers began to notice that patients who had elevated blood levels of cholesterol—a fatty substance found in meat, poultry, eggs and dairy products—also tended to suffer from heart disease. Cholesterol by-products would form thick, tough deposits, called plaques, on the inner walls of arteries, stiffening them and then starving the heart of blood and creating choke points where a clot could stop the flow entirely.

At first blush, the solution seemed pretty obvious: consume low-cholesterol foods; switch from butter to vegetable-oil-based margarine; eat fewer eggs; eat less meat. Indeed, it was the best advice at the time, based on the limited knowledge available.

As scientists learned more about how the body works, however, that prescription proved too simplistic. Some people's cholesterol levels stayed high, no matter what they ate. And a lot of heart-disease patients had normal cholesterol levels. How could this be? Only recently have some of the reasons begun to emerge. For one thing, how much cholesterol you eat doesn't nec-

## ... And How It Gets Prog

**1 A HEALTHY ARTERY**  
Under normal conditions, blood flows through the coronary arteries, each only 3 to 4 mm in diameter, providing a supply of oxygen to the heart muscle.





## Dean of the Low-Fat Diets

**H**ow much fat is too much? The American Heart Association says 30% of a day's calories. That may sound strict, but it doesn't go nearly far enough to satisfy Dr. Dean Ornish, a University of California cardiologist and dean of the eat-right-for-a-healthy-heart school of medicine. Ornish has long maintained that changes in

diet and lifestyle can treat heart disease as effectively as drugs and surgery—perhaps even more so. But modest reductions in fat intake, he says, usually do your heart no good at all.

Ornish puts his heart patients on a strict vegetarian diet allowing for—at most—a third of the fat of the A.H.A. diet. (Patients also take part in an exercise and stretching regimen, plus meditation and group therapy to reduce stress.) Result: according to a five-year study published in 1998, patients on the Ornish

regimen had lower cholesterol levels and fewer angina episodes, and in many cases they were able to avoid bypass surgery and angioplasty.

Even Ornish acknowledges that his diet isn't for everyone. A third of the patients in his study dropped out, and critics wonder whether it's really necessary to cut that much fat—and fun—out of life. But Ornish scoffs at the skeptics. "Rather than literally or figuratively bypassing the problem," he says, "my treatment addresses the cause."  
—By Alice Park

essarily determine how much ends up in your blood. The body, it turns out, also manufactures its own cholesterol. And some people's bodies are just less efficient at vacuuming up excess cholesterol than others, for reasons that are largely genetic.

So, in the next phase of research, the object became keeping cholesterol levels in the blood under control and not necessarily keeping the cholesterol out of the diet. But how to do it? Again the key seemed to be eating less red meat, cream and butter, but it was based not so much on cholesterol as on saturated fat. Reason: saturated fat increases blood cholesterol. So eggs, high in cholesterol but not in saturated fat, were taken off the forbidden list, except for those people with the most serious cholesterol problems.

To make things more complicated, researchers discovered that cholesterol travels around the body in two major forms: low-density lipoprotein (LDL), the kind that does most of the damage, and high-density lipoprotein (HDL), which actually seems to

keep arteries clean. Beyond that, another class of fats, known as triglycerides, also circulates in the blood, doing more or less the same kind of damage as LDL.

Doctors then began recommending foods and activities that drive down LDL and triglycerides (eat less meat, cream and butter—one recommendation that has never changed—add olive oil and fish to the diet) and at the same time push up HDL (get more exercise and lose weight).

Then came the news that taking benign foods like vegetable and peanut oils and hydrogenating them—a process that stiffens them to make stick margarine, peanut butter and solid shortening—transforms them into substances known as trans-fatty acids, which can drive LDL and triglyceride levels through the roof. Trans-fatty acids are not technically fats, which means, astonishingly, that a food labeled FAT FREE may be bursting with stuff that can give you heart disease. The fact that stick margarine is bad doesn't mean butter

is suddenly good. Says Dr. Walter Willett, head of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health: "I think the healthiest solution is none of the above." The recommendation to stay away from meats and animal fats, thus, hasn't been overthrown. It's simply been extended slightly to encompass a substance once thought to be relatively harmless.

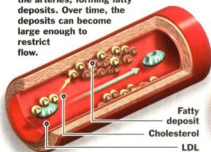
How about staying away from fat entirely? Bad idea. The body needs fats, in part because vitamins like A and D must be dissolved in fat to enter the body or even move about within the body. What about the super-low-fat diets, advocated by people like Dr. Dean Ornish, director of the Preventive Medicine Research Institute in Sausalito, Calif. (see box)? They seem to work but perhaps not because they're low fat; the key may be the types of foods—beans, grains, vegetables, instead of meats and cheeses—that Ornish recommends. Indeed, Mediterranean men, who get more

Story continues after fold-out chart

## ressively Worse

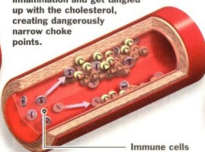
### 2 TROUBLE BEGINS

Cholesterol traveling aboard LDL (low-density lipoprotein) molecules sticks to the walls of the arteries, forming fatty deposits. Over time, the deposits can become large enough to restrict flow.



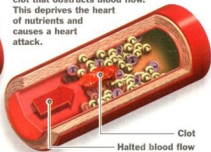
### 3 DAMAGE ACCUMULATES

Vessels weakened by aging, high blood pressure or smoking attract immune cells, which trigger inflammation and get tangled up with the cholesterol, creating dangerously narrow choke points.



### 4 TOTAL BLOCKAGE

Red blood cells and other blood components build up in the narrowed artery, forming a clot that obstructs blood flow. This deprives the heart of nutrients and causes a heart attack.





# EATING SMART

The conventional wisdom about what's good for you and what's bad has changed over the years. Here's what the experts now say:

## BUTTER OR MARGARINE?



### WHAT WE USED TO THINK

Butter packs a heart attack in every teaspoon. Switch to margarine

### WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW

Turning vegetable oil into sticks of margarine makes it just as bad

### WHAT TO DO

Go for margarine in a tub or squeeze bottle. Or switch to a butter substitute, such as Benecol, that can boost good cholesterol

### THE SCORE

Benecol ♥♥♥  
Tub Margarine ♥♥♥  
Butter ♥  
Stick Margarine ♥

### OTHER DAIRY

Butter is bad because it's made from saturated-fat-laden cream. But other milk-based products can also threaten the heart. Unless they're labeled low fat or nonfat, stay away from desserts and other foods that come from milk

SKIM MILK ♥♥♥♥  
LOW-FAT MILK ♥♥♥  
FROZEN YOGURT ♥♥  
WHOLE MILK ♥  
ICE CREAM ♥

## OFF THE FORBIDDEN LIST

### WHAT WE USED TO THINK

Eggs are so full of cholesterol they might as well be poison. Stay away

### WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW

Cholesterol in food doesn't necessarily raise blood-cholesterol levels

WHAT TO DO If you've got cholesterol problems, avoid eggs. If not, they are fine in moderation

### THE SCORE



THE GREENER,  
THE BETTER



## MEAT VS. POULTRY

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK**  
Red meat is higher in cholesterol than chicken, so stick with the birds

**WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW**  
Saturated fat is the real problem. Chicken is still better, especially if you avoid fatty skin and dark meat

**WHAT TO DO**  
Order the chicken (but not fried)  
**THE SCORE**  
Chicken ★★★  
Beef ★



## PASS THE SALT

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK**  
It will send your blood pressure sky-high. Always choose low-sodium foods, and don't touch the shaker

**WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW**  
You're already prone to high blood pressure

**WHAT TO DO** A low-sodium diet won't hurt and may help. But don't be paranoid about pretzels

**THE SCORE** ★★★

## RED WINE

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK** Alcohol is bad for you, no exceptions

**WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW**  
A substance called resveratrol, found in grape skins, may reduce levels of bad cholesterol

**WHAT TO DO** Alcohol in excess is still bad for you, but a glass of wine with dinner is probably fine for nonalcoholics

**THE SCORE** ★★



## OTHER MEATS

In general, the leaner the meat, the better—and wild game tends to be the leanest

**BUFFALO** ★★★  
**VENISON** ★★★  
**LEAN PORK CHOPS** ★★★  
**TURKEY** ★★  
**LAMB** ★★  
**VEAL** ★★  
**HAM** ★★  
**BACON** ★



## PEANUT BUTTER

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK** Has lots of protein, so it's good for you

**WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW**  
The kind sold in most supermarkets is full of trans-fatty acids, which are bad for the heart

**WHAT TO DO**  
Eat "natural" peanut butter, the kind in which the oil rises to the top

**THE SCORE** ★★★

## OTHER NUTS

Nuts are a good-news, bad-news food. The bad news is that they're full of oils that aren't great for the heart; the good news is that they contain vitamin E

**CASHEWS** ★★  
**ALMONDS** ★★  
**MACADAMIA NUTS** ★



## COFFEE OR TEA?

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK**  
Coffee raises blood pressure, may cause cardiovascular disease. Tea is harmless

**WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW**  
Coffee turns out to be pretty harmless too—yet doesn't provide any benefit either. But black, green and oolong (not herbal) teas are high in flavonoids, which may protect the heart

**WHAT TO DO**  
Take a tea break  
**THE SCORE** Tea ★★★  
Coffee ★

## WHAT WE USED TO THINK

Iceberg lettuce and romaine are both green, leafy vegetables, so both are good for you

## WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW

Iceberg is barely green. It isn't bad for you, but it's hardly more nutritious than water. Romaine and other dark-green leafy vegetables, however, contain flavonoids

**WHAT TO DO** Try to get a little color into your salad bowl

## THE SCORE

Romaine ★★★  
Iceberg ★

## ONIONS AND GARLIC

**WHAT WE USED TO THINK** No nutritional value, give bad breath

## WHAT DOCTORS SAY NOW

Onions contain flavonoids and garlic has polyphenols, so both could protect your heart

## WHAT TO DO

Get your date to eat some too

## THE SCORE

★★



Open

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Chicken ♥  
Beef ♥



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**THE SCORE** ♥♥



Open

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**VENISON** ♥♥♥♥

**LEAN PORK CHOPS** ♥♥♥

**TURKEY** ♥♥♥

**LAMB** ♥♥

**VEAL** ♥

**HAM** ♥

**BACON** ♥



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**THE SCORE** ♥♥♥

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**CASHEWS** ♥♥

**ALMONDS** ♥

**MACADAMIA NUTS** ♥



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**THE SCORE** Tea ♥♥♥  
Coffee ♥



Open

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**THE SCORE** ♥♥♥

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**WHAT TO DO** Try to get a little color into your salad bowl

**THE SCORE** ♥♥♥

Romaine ♥♥♥  
Iceberg ♥





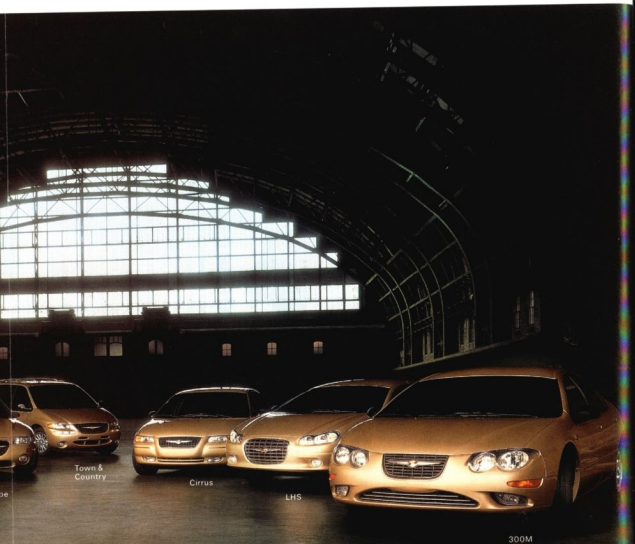


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Sebring Coupe

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# CHRYSLER

**In the right hands,  
iron, steel and aluminum  
can be transformed  
into precious metals.**

than 30% of their calories from fat (some three times what Ornish suggests) but who eat little saturated fat, have a very low rate of heart disease.

HDL, LDL and triglycerides aren't quite the whole story either. Over the past few years, researchers have identified yet another form of fat that could rightly be labeled Bad Cholesterol II. Called lipoprotein (a), or Lp(a), it behaves like LDL in the body. But because Lp(a) levels have more to do with your genes than your diet, they can't easily be controlled. At best, doctors think they can use Lp(a) screening to find people who should be working extra hard to reduce their other heart-attack risks.

So fat, which started out as a good thing to eat and then became a bad thing, now turns out to be a collection of very different things, some good, some bad, some absolutely neutral. It's a pattern that has been repeated for a variety of cardiovascular risk factors. It's not pretty; the tortuous progress of scientific discovery rarely is.

#### SALT

RESEARCHERS REALIZED DECADES AGO that high blood pressure is a cardiovascular danger signal. They don't understand the exact mechanism yet, but physicians think elevated pressure puts a strain on blood vessels, causing them to tear or develop weak areas where plaque can gain an easy foothold. Hypertension (to use the technical term) can also force small blood vessels to burst like an overstressed garden hose; if that happens in the brain, it's called a stroke—the other major cardiovascular killer besides heart attack.

Medication can help with the most severe cases of hypertension, but the first line of defense, physicians agree, is to cut back on a substance that has been shown over and over to keep blood pressure high: sodium, especially in the form of salt.

If cutting back on salt is good for people with hypertension, it should logically be good for everyone else too. It may be, but dueling studies released three years ago demonstrate that the case is far from airtight. Scientists writing in the *British Medical Journal* concluded that reducing salt intake reduces blood pressure in all people, even those who are not hypertensive. But a study published the very same week in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* argued that people with normal blood pressure got no significant benefit from salt reduction.

Which one was right? Probably neither, since both studies were flawed. The

## DIET AND CANCER

### Can Food Fend Off Tumors?

Eating right to prevent heart disease may seem complicated and confusing, but it's a breeze compared with trying to design an anticancer diet. Cardiovascular disease is relatively simple; it's the result of normal bodily processes taken to the extreme. Cancer, by contrast, involves changes in the programming of DNA within the nuclei of individual cells. Beyond that, heart disease is an illness that affects a single organ system, while cancer is dozens of different diseases that target body parts as radically different as the brain, breast and bone.

That being the case, it's no surprise that the relationship between diet and cancer is still largely a matter of educated guesswork—and in many cases, the guesses have turned out to be wrong. Take the much publicized link be-

tween high-fat diets and breast cancer, for example. Women who live in Western countries, where high-fat diets are the norm, tend to have high breast-cancer rates. Even more telling: women of Japanese ancestry who live in the U.S. get the disease six times more often than their grandmothers and great-grandmothers in Japan. Yet a huge recent study of 90,000 women has refuted the breast cancer-fat link. Fat has also been suggested as a trigger for colon, prostate and bladder cancers—but there's no hard evidence that cutting fat will reduce your risk for any of these diseases.

A similar process of educated-guess-and-error led people to load up on the nutritional supplement beta carotene in the early 1990s. Scientists noted that those who eat lots of fruits and vegetables tend to get less cancer and speculated that carotenoids—the same antioxidant substances that seem to protect against heart disease—were responsible. In particular, they

focused on beta carotene, the most abundant and common carotenoid, as the most likely to prevent cancer.

Yet a series of targeted studies in Finland and the U.S. showed that beta carotene supplements don't ward off cancer at all. This doesn't mean that a diet rich in fruits and vegetables doesn't reduce the risk of cancer, says Harvard's Walter Willett, or even that carotenoids aren't protective. But, he concludes, "it looks like taking beta carotene in high pharmacological doses is not the right thing to do."

The same sort of logic may apply to tomatoes and prostate cancer. Studies have shown that men who eat cooked tomatoes in various forms have a lower incidence of malignancy. The reason may be lycopene, another of the carotenoids, which is released when tomatoes are heated—but no one knows for sure, and even the tomato-prostate link isn't absolutely firm.

Another substance found

J.A.M.A. study included subjects who were on low-salt diets for a very short time—perhaps too short for any effect to be noticed. And the *BMJ* study could not effectively measure the influence of other factors that could have made a difference. Those who ate less salt may also have watched what they ate in general, for example, exercised more or been less overweight.

The truth is that the question of what ordinary people should do about salt has simply not been settled yet. That doesn't mean we should throw up our hands in despair. Even without hard scientific proof, says Dr. Theodore Kotchen of the Medical

College of Wisconsin, keeping sodium levels down is probably a good idea—particularly since there is no evidence that a low-sodium diet is harmful. The one exception: people who are losing salt through heavy perspiration during exercise or hard physical work. Reducing salt intake in the middle of a heat wave can actually be dangerous to your health.

#### EXERCISE

PHYSICAL EXERTION IS ANOTHER AREA in which doctors have been sending mixed signals. As far back as 1953, studies showed that people who got more exercise had

### IT WORKS

♥ Sadly for those who abhor it, exercise is still one of the best things you can do for your heart. But if mild exertion is all you can handle—well, a little is better than none



ILLUSTRATION: JANE STONE



## HEALTH



in fruits and vegetables, though, does seem to have a protective effect against one form of malignancy: dietary fiber clearly reduces the risk of colon cancer. That link is sufficiently well established that the National Cancer Institute recommends that Americans increase their average daily fiber intake.

Health experts are not ready to list the foods that will keep cancer at bay, but some broad outlines of an anti-cancer diet are taking shape. Beta carotene might not be the key, but fruits and vegetables, which contain it, seem to

help. Lycopene might not be the answer, but it too is found in fruits and vegetables. Fiber works—and again, fruits and vegetables (especially beans), as well as whole grains, are an ideal source. So along with giving up tobacco (mouth, throat and lung cancer) and limiting alcohol consumption (too much booze leads to cirrhosis, which leads to liver cancer), the best

way to prevent a broad range of cancers, given the current state of medical knowledge, is to eat more fruits and vegetables. That sort of diet will help you stay trim and prevent heart disease anyway—so if, against all odds, it turns out to have no effect on cancer, it certainly can't hurt. —By Michael D. Lemonick



Broccoli has fiber and flavonoids—both possible cancer fighters

PHOTO: NATHAN K. HARRIS

fewer heart attacks. The physiological explanation has come more slowly, but one reason is simply that the heart is a muscle; frequent workouts keep it strong.

Another factor, doctors believe, is that exercise holds down blood pressure. When the heart pumps blood more quickly through the body, vessels dilate—or widen—to accommodate the extra flow. The overall effect is to lower pressure throughout the cardiovascular system. People who get regular exercise have about a 30% lower risk of developing heart-threatening hypertension than people who don't.

Some studies have also shown that exercise raises HDL levels; that it increases the volume of plasma (blood's liquid component), thinning the blood and thus keeping dangerous clots at a minimum; and that it may boost levels of an enzyme that vacuums cholesterol and fatty acids from the blood.

None of these results is definitive, but it seems clear that however exercise works, its benefits increase if you do more of it. That's obviously true if your goal is to stay trim; exertion is fueled by calorie burning. But plenty of studies have shown it applies to staving off heart disease too, and for years the standard medical advice was to get a minimum of 20 to 30 min. of vigorous, continuous exercise at least three times

each week.

Yet in the mid-1990s, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the American College of Sports Medicine published a report declaring that moderate exercise was just fine—anything from washing the car for an hour to gardening for 45 min. to raking leaves to taking a leisurely stroll around the block. And it didn't even have to be all in one shot. Three short walks, for example, could substitute for one longer one. Since then, the Surgeon General, the National Institutes of Health and the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports have all come out with similar guidelines.

Another example of new research refining old ideas? Not this time. The change had less to do with medicine than with marketing. "Our concern," explains Russell Pate, an exercise physiologist at the University of South Carolina and lead author of the CDC report, "was that a very large percentage of the adult population was not meeting the existing standard." Reasoning that the guidelines were just too intimidating for most people and that a little exercise had to be better than none at all,

Pate and his colleagues decided to lighten up the message. "The recommendations do not say," he emphasizes, "that vigorous activity was inappropriate or that the more traditional exercise prescription model was wrong."

### VITAMIN E

THE PROCESSES THAT ALLOW THE BODY to turn food and air into nourishment for individual cells also create by-products that amount to toxic wastes—highly reactive oxygen molecules known as free radicals that can combine with otherwise innocent substances and transform them into killers. Free radicals may be responsible in part for the genetic damage that leads to some cancers. And they also appear to be what makes LDL and triglycerides so dangerous. When a free radical combines with one of these fatty molecules, the altered cholesterol turns into a biochemical cannonball that ricochets around the bloodstream, damaging the inner walls of vessels.

Fortunately, nature has also created chemicals known as antioxidants, which can prevent dangerous oxidation from happening in the first place. Among the most powerful of these is vitamin E, which is found in vegetable oils and nuts. In 1996 a major study of postmenopausal women showed that those who eat a diet rich in vitamin E had a 62% lower than average risk of dying from heart disease.

That doesn't mean, however, that popping vitamin E pills will stave off heart disease. Previous research had reached a split decision over whether supplementary E could guard against cardiovascular problems. But the study on postmenopausal women, one of the largest yet, concluded that the vitamin was protective only when eaten in foods; in pill form, it didn't seem to do much good at all. This result could mean that the vitamin works in tandem with some other, as yet unidentified, food-borne substance.

### PHYTOCHEMICALS

ADDING LOTS OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES to the diet is good for the heart in all kinds of ways. It displaces meat and dairy products and thus reduces the intake of saturated fats. It puts more vitamins—not just E but also C and many of the B vitamins—into your body.

Over the past several years, however, researchers have been investigating a whole new class of plant-based substances whose role in preventing heart disease may

## CORONARY FACTOIDS

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

**H**EART ATTACKS HAVE BEEN linked not only to diet, smoking and obesity but also to less obvious risk factors—many of which we have no control over. Among the oddest:



**FOUL WEATHER** Researchers have found that exposure to frigid temperatures can trigger heart attacks as well as angina and strokes

**BAD GUMS** Studies suggest that if you have periodontal disease, your heart-attack risk nearly doubles. Bacteria may enter the blood and cause deadly clots



**BODY SHAPE** Being overweight is bad enough, but if your fat lies more in the abdomen than the hips, you are especially prone to heart disease



**BALDNESS** A shiny spot on top of the head has been linked to a risk of heart attack three times higher than average



**DAY OF THE WEEK/TIME OF DAY** Cardiac "events" tend to occur most often between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. and on Mondays and Fridays



be even more important than vitamins. Known as phytochemicals, they fall into two classes: carotenoids, found mostly in orange-colored vegetables (beta carotene is the best known of the more than 600 carotenoids); and flavonoids—some 4,000 of them, found in, among other things, onions, broccoli, red wine and tea (green, black and oolong, but not herbal).

Like vitamin E, the flavonoids and the carotenoids appear to act as antioxidants, keeping LDL and triglycerides from being oxidized by free radicals. But they do so in different ways, explains Jeffrey Blumberg, a Tufts University nutritionist: "All those free radicals come in many varieties and affect different parts of the body. So you need many different antioxidants to protect yourself at different levels."

For example, he says, vitamin E, which is fat soluble, is incorporated into the LDL or triglyceride particle, forming a last line of defense against corruption by free radicals. Water-soluble flavonoids, by contrast, can be absorbed by most cells in the body, where they can presumably take free radicals out of circulation. But so far, these are only theories. All scientists know for sure is that people who eat foods rich in these two kinds of chemicals, flavonoids and carotenoids, seem to have less heart disease—and it's not even certain that there is a cause-and-effect relationship.

As for figuring out precisely which of the thousands of phytochemicals is most important, that is decades away, if it's even a legitimate question in the first place. Just as with vitamin E—and with the studies that debunked beta-carotene supplements as cancer fighters a few years ago—it may turn out that phytochemicals work only in tandem with one another or with other chemicals found in foods. Trying to isolate the "active ingredient" might be a fool's errand. Says Dr. Ronald Krauss, a nutrition and cholesterol researcher at the Lawrence Berkeley Lab: "It's premature to interpret that research in any way other than you should eat more fruits and vegetables."

## INFECTION AND INFLAMMATION

JUST A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE few things scientists were pretty sure did not trigger cardiac problems was infection. They're not quite so sure anymore. Strong evidence now suggests that the immune system plays a major role in heart disease. The initial damage is done by things like high blood pressure, smoking, oxidized LDL and triglycerides, which weaken and damage the inner walls of veins and arter-

ies. Then the immune system responds, just as it's designed to do. Instead of fixing these problems, though, the immune response makes them worse. For one thing, the body tries to repair physical tears in blood vessels as it would any other wound: blood platelets rush to the site, clump together and form a clot, a biological bandage that binds up the injury. A clot on the outside of the body—a scab, in other words—eventually falls off with no problem. But inside a vein or artery, especially one that has been narrowed with plaque deposits, a clot can get snagged, causing a heart attack.

Plaque buildup too may be an unintended by-product of immune-system action. When oxidized fatty molecules damage vessel walls, the tissues become inflamed—engorged with immune cells whose job it is to fight the invaders. Instead of vacuuming up the oxidized molecules, however, the immune cells become entangled with them; the whole mess welds itself onto the tough, sticky plaques that narrow veins and arteries. That, researchers believe, is one reason aspirin is so good at preventing second heart attacks: not only does it thin the blood and keep things flowing, it also damps down inflammation.

This same sort of blood-vessel inflammation, doctors believe, may be triggered by bacterial and viral infections. Chlamydia (which generally starts as a venereal disease) and gingivitis (an infection of the gums) have both been implicated in heart disease, and more recently so has the herpesvirus that causes cold sores. In the case of herpes, especially, it's far too early to tell whether this link is real or will evaporate under closer scrutiny.

#### ALCOHOL

IT'S KNOWN AS THE FRENCH PARADOX: PEOPLE who live in France eat huge quantities of saturated fat (in the form of butter, cheese and other milk products), yet they have one of the lowest rates of cardiovascular disease in the world. One compelling explanation is that the French also drink wine, usually in moderation. Too much alcohol can destroy just about every organ in the body, the heart included. But investigators have discovered through clinical trials that people who take an occasional nip have about a 20% lower risk of heart disease than do teetotalers.

The mechanism isn't entirely clear, but alcohol may boost blood levels of HDL, the good cholesterol that cleans plaque off arterial walls. Two to four drinks a week seem optimal for men, one to three for women. Since excess alcohol consumption is the second leading cause of preventable death in the U.S., says Dr. Charles Hen-

nekens of Harvard Medical School, "I'm opposed to a wide public health recommendation to drink alcohol. But I'm ready to consider it for a particular patient after going over his or her risks and benefits."

#### HOMOCYSTEINE

VICTIMS OF THE RARE GENETIC DISORDER known as homocystinuria usually die by age 20 from heart attack or stroke. They also have high blood levels of the amino acid homocysteine, a by-product of protein metabolism. That's highly suggestive of a cause-and-effect relationship, but after decades of investigation, the link between homocysteine and heart disease is still elusive. Says Dr. Andrew Bostom, co-director of the Cardiac Rehabilitative program at Memorial Hospital in Pawtucket, R.I.: "We have tantalizing suggestions that we might actually be dealing with a real risk factor, but we don't have smoking-gun evidence."

They do, however, have a plausible explanation for how homocysteine possibly works. If too much circulates in the blood, researchers believe, it may combine with LDL to form large molecules that are especially likely to attract the immune-system cells that help form plaques.

The good thing about homocysteine is that if it does prove to be a significant cause of heart disease, the treatment is in hand: studies have consistently shown that homocysteine can be easily controlled with B vitamins and folic acid, either in the diet or in supplements. The most recent study appeared two months ago in the *New England Journal of Medicine*: a government requirement that all flour, pasta and other grain products manufactured after Jan. 1, 1998, be enriched with folic acid (to stave off spinal-cord defects in newborns) has already measurably reduced homocysteine levels across the board.

New risk factors identified, old risks reassessed, varying degrees of uncertainty about every medical study ever published—it all seems so confusing, you may be tempted just to throw a steak on the grill, butter your baked potato and forget the whole thing.

But that would reflect a misunderstanding about how science works. It is not a steady march from ignorance to knowledge. It's more like a mountaineering expedition. On the way up an unscaled peak, climbers will gain some altitude on one route, then find it's a dead end. They'll spot a better one, backtrack a little and move on. The fact that they sometimes have to take a step backward for every two steps forward doesn't mean they're wasting their time. It

#### DRUGS

## When Diet Isn't Enough

**C**hanging your diet can only go so far in cutting cholesterol levels. And because of their genetic makeup, that's not far enough for millions. Happily, there are all sorts of cholesterol-lowering nostrums available to help make up the difference, from well-tested prescription drugs to newer (and largely untested) alternative medicines. A brief guide:

**STATINS** When combined with a low-fat diet, these cholesterol-lowering drugs can cut the risk of death from heart disease 40%. Statins interfere with the liver's ability to make cholesterol, keeping LDL (bad) levels to a minimum while boosting levels of HDL (the good stuff).

**NICOTINIC ACID** In large doses, this B vitamin cuts LDL 30%, triglyceride levels as much as 55% and increases HDL 35%. The dosage that's needed, however, is up to 70 times the recommended daily allowance, and it comes at a price. Many patients experience flushing, itching and panic attacks. Adjusting the dose, taking an aspirin 30 min. beforehand, or taking the medication on a full stomach alleviates some of the symptoms.

**ARGININE** This amino acid is gaining popularity as a nonprescription treatment for high cholesterol. Animal studies and preliminary studies in humans suggest that arginine may improve coronary blood flow and lower cholesterol levels by acting as an antioxidant and helping keep blood-vessel tissue elastic. Doctors have yet to show, however, that arginine can actually prevent heart disease.

**COENZYME Q10** A powerful antioxidant, this natural compound has been studied as a treatment for heart failure—with mixed results. Many Japanese and European practitioners prescribe coenzyme Q10 to keep arterial plaque at bay, but rigorous studies with a lot more patients are needed before U.S. doctors will be comfortable with it. —By Alice Park

means that inching up an uncharted mountain is tough work.

When you step back, though, and take a look at the overall picture—a long view from the upper slopes of the mountain—it turns out in hindsight that the path was clear. So it is with medical science. From the perspective of 1999, the past 40 years' worth of research points to a consistent

theme: eat a balanced diet that includes lots of fruits and vegetables and fewer animal-based foods; don't smoke; and get as much exercise as you can comfortably maintain.

If it sounds as though nothing much has changed in the past three decades, that's because the basics of cardiac health—the base of the mountain—have been there all along.

What has changed is doctors' understanding of why it's all true. And they're continuing to refine their knowledge so that the confusing new research emerging from the labs will one day stand on an equally firm footing. Until that happens, the best bet is to focus on those basics. Your heart will thank you for it. —Reported by Christine Gorman and Alice Park/New York

## VIEWPOINT

Lance Morrow

## A Pox on Moderation

**T**HE WORST CARDIO-FITNESS PROGRAM IN THIS CENTURY was that of Egypt's King Farouk. The King weighed around 300 lbs.; he looked like an immense, saturnine party balloon. Staples of the royal diet: a few tablespoons of caviar, lobster thermidor, slabs of roast lamb, a cubic meter or so of trifle, a pound of chocolate, a magnum of champagne. Workout: two or three dancers from the chorus.

An officers' coup deposed Farouk in 1952, but exile did not disrupt his opulent gluttonies. One morning in Capri, as Farouk consumed a breakfast that included 10 eggs, he told a group of newsmen, "You will smile at this, but any man who has considerably less than he has been accustomed to feels he is a poor man." A monstrous appetite proclaims a needy heart. Farouk died at 45, when his heart surrendered after a midnight supper and a cigar.

Experts today, as in the past, prescribe moderation. Noted. But you should consult Farouk's example in order to understand the weaknesses of moderation. When Farouk was dieting, trying to lose weight, he had 600 oysters a week flown in from Copenhagen. That was austerity—for him. Moderation tends to be subjective and loves to work on a sliding scale.

No one could possibly object to moderation. And yet, as we all know, moderation pettifogs and sniffs out loopholes, and has a tendency to live one day at a time, in the wrong direction: "Oh, I'll have eggs Benedict, just this once." The truth is that moderation works only if you are an unblinking fanatic about it. While admirable when rigidly observed, moderation is ultimately a thin creed, a sort of Unitarianism of diet, a deism of good intentions.

Doctors offhandedly counsel moderation as a holding pattern, something you do, cautiously and *faute de mieux*, until things go really wrong. But moderation is neither inspiring nor tasty. Most of us, lacking an urgent health reason to behave (e.g., recurring shortness of breath or pains in the chest), are liberals in the practice of moderation and harbor in ourselves the latent impulses of Farouk the Indulger. We revert to bad habits when the conscience naps, especially since the buildup of cholesterol and heart blockages occurs silently, invisibly, in the dark chambers of the chest.

In many of us, moderation even goes against human na-

ture. Extreme case: a rancher friend of mine in West Texas, to whom I offered a beer at lunch, declined it, remarking philosophically, "You know, Lay-yance, I never have been able to understand one beer. If you drink one, you want to drink a case or two. And we don't have time for that today."

No, something more active, more comprehending than mere moderation is required. In the first place, the heart is not a BMW, not a motor that achieves optimal performance if given the right octane and motor oil. The heart is a mystic as well as a machine. It is irrational and unpredictable.

Mysteries and imponderables enter the picture—temperament, for example. In my own case, even my fecklessness as a habitually lapsing moderate (the steaks, the ice creams, the occasional cigar) would hardly account for two heart attacks and two multiple coronary bypasses by the time I had plateaued into middle age. Heredity is not the explanation either. Who knows? Perhaps the subterranean fissures of the Type A internalized—bad spiritual habits, no doubt. Angers, self-lacerations, demons and opacities of character.

The current cardio matter-of-factness—invaluable in itself—breezily ignores traditional dimensions that go back centuries. We used to apply a vast vocabulary and folklore to speak of the "mysteries of the heart," in a metaphor that suggested the

heart not only as repository of human emotion but, in a larger way, of personality, identity, soul. In almost every religion, the heart has mystic meaning. The ancient Hindus believed the heart houses *atman*, or soul—the essence of our being that seeks divine revelation. The Aztec priest tore the pulsing heart from a sacrificial victim's chest and offered it to the sun. Christian love reposes in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And in the most primitive and immoderate version of the cardiac diet, cannibal warriors cut out the hearts of their valiant enemies and ate them, thinking to ingest the other's courage (a word that derives from the Latin *cor*, heart).

How to accomplish a real change of heart? An aggressively different diet, surely, not just a moderate pullback from the usual seductive junk. But also, just as surely, a clear eye focused on those demons and opacities that are imponderable and do not show up in your lab work.



Farouk: Caviar for a needy heart




A close-up, high-contrast portrait of a Black man with a mustache, wearing a light blue dress shirt and a patterned tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus brown.

IBM

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Experience:	Determined the impact of the euro on cross-border pricing and distribution channels for a Japanese manufacturer, thus minimizing profit erosion.
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S P O R T

# FLAT-OUT FANTASTIC

They kicked! They scored!  
They won the World Cup and  
showed everyone how strong  
a women's team can be

HANDS ON U.S. goalie  
Scurry soars to deflect  
China's third penalty shot,  
setting up the final victory

HECTOR MATA—AFP







## THE NEW DREAM TEAM

By BILL SAPORITO

**W**E'VE ALREADY WON," declared Hank Steinbrecher, the general secretary of U.S. Soccer, even before the American women's team's draining, dramatic penalty-kick shoot-out win over China on Saturday, "no matter what the score is going to be." But when defender Brandi Chastain blasted the team's fifth penalty kick past Chinese goalkeeper Gao Hong after 120 scoreless minutes, including two overtime periods, the American put a fitting exclamation point on a summer of soccer that had swept the nation off its feet. And then, before more than 90,000 screaming fans, including President Clinton, she whipped off her shirt in celebration—hey, her name is Chastain, not Chaste. "I felt very confident," she said of the kick (though that statement could easily apply more broadly). "My team trusted me."

This sweet, sweet victory was very much an act of faith—not the end of a game so much as of a crusade. The U.S. women were good, they were good looking, and they were on a mission to prove that women's team sports, and soccer in particular, deserve the same kind of attention, admiration and money that the guys' get. "I grew up watching Magic Johnson and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, men I could never emulate," says Julie Foudy, the thoughtful, funny midfielder who leads the team in quotes. "Girls need role models." The goal of Women's World Cup is no less than the establishment of a women's professional league to create those role models, a strategy similar to one the men used to launch Major League Soccer after the phenomenally successful 1994 men's World Cup, also held in the U.S.

The women's final on Saturday had a look that observers of the men's game found familiar: a taut, defensive contest that tightens leg muscles, turns feet into anchors and transforms a 116-yd. by 72-yd. field into a postage stamp. At their own end, the Americans completely snuffed out the Chinese offense, allowing scoring star Sun Wen precious little room to maneuver. At midfield, Michelle Akers, a 33-year-old orthopedic disaster, made her last World Cup game a memorable one. On defense, she owned the air, hurling herself at anything round that moved—a recklessness that would force her out of the game near the end of regulation time, when she crashed into goalie Briana Scurry. "Akers is one of the greatest women athletes in his-



## THE STARS' POPULARITY...

Last year only soccer fans knew who they were—last week 2,000 came just to watch them practice

### MIA HAMM

Despite a world-record-setting 111 goals, plenty of endorsements and a place on PEOPLE's Most Beautiful list, Hamm is still a reluctant diva



### BRIANA SCURRY



She made spectacular saves against Brazil, then saved the final with a dive; goalkeeper Scurry is still the team's only black starter

### BRANDI CHASTAIN



Chastain scored against her own team in the match against Germany—but she redeemed herself with a crucial goal; and the versatile champ made the Cup-winning penalty kick

### MICHELLE AKERS

At 33, she's the team's oldest, toughest, heartiest champion—while her teammates do the endorsements, Akers just plays soccer. Worn down by chronic fatigue syndrome, she left Saturday's game early, but not before spearheading a China-breaking defense

### JULIE FOUDY

Her teammates call her Louie because her incessant and witty commentary has been the voice of Team USA since its 1991 World Cup win in China; the midfielder also campaigns hard against child labor





## ... INSPIRES CLEVER ADS ...

For Gatorade ("Anything you can do, I can do better"), Nike ("I will have two fillings"), Adidas, Pepsi and more. The ads have lured fans—and hurled Hamm into a tax bracket befitting her new fame



## ... AND DRIVES FANS WILD

Nobody anticipated the turnout, but 90,185 howling enthusiasts jammed the Rose Bowl last weekend, with scalpers asking up to \$1,000 for a pair of tickets

tory," said U.S. coach Tony DiCicco. "Michelle Akers inspires me."

Late in a nerve-racking overtime, the U.S. sensed its moment and pressed the Chinese defense, but it would not break, denying a frenzied crowd a sudden-death triumph. And China almost stole the match away in the final minutes, when Fan Yunjie's header off a corner kick was cleared off the line by Kristine Lilly.

So it went to a penalty-kick shoot-out, which soccer players dread. The pressure is enormous, the consequences huge and the shoot-out no real indicator that the best team won. "There are two champions here," noted coach DiCicco diplomatically after the match. "There is only one taking the World Cup home." But the shoot-out is soccer's tie breaker: 12 yds. out, shooter against keeper, with the odds overwhelmingly against the keeper. That was true of the first four penalty kicks. On China's third shot, however, Scurry stepped forward, guessed left and threw herself in that direction, where she met Liu Ying's kick. "I just went totally on instinct," she said. "I knew if I could get one, it would be O.K."

CHINA: TONY KANE/OUTLINE





## THE NEW DREAM TEAM

The crowd erupted and, after Lilly's left-footer beat Chinese goalie Gao, sensed something big was about to happen. China's next two shooters, Zhang Ouying and Sun, calmly found their marks, leaving it all up to Chastain, who had committed a huge gaffe against Germany in the quarterfinals when she scored in her own net. This time she found the right one, prompting the

spontaneous strip. "Momentary insanity, nothing more, nothing less," she explained. "I wasn't thinking about anything, I thought, My God, this is the greatest moment of my life on a soccer field! I just lost my head."

Even before Chastain's heroics, something magical had been brewing for this team as the tournament progressed. As the NHL and NBA playoffs came and went—

Dallas and San Antonio, remember them?—this was the one sports story that continued to build like a thunderstorm.

Four years ago in Sweden, the American team was dismissed in the semifinals before a scant 3,000 souls. In the days before last week's final, nearly that many fans were showing up to watch the team practice, and the players needed police escorts

Robert Sullivan

## Goodbye to Heroin Chic. Now It's Sexy to Be Strong

**B**OOTERS WITH HOOTERS." DID I SAY THAT? NO. JULIE FOUDY, the U.S. Women's World Cup champion soccer team captain, said that, talking for and about her team. I read that, and I was shocked. Shocked! Amused, sure. Titillated, maybe. But also shocked.

What about this? What about the fact that as soon as little Suzie puts the autographed poster of Mia Hamm up in her room, little Johnnie suddenly takes to visiting little Suzie's room. And not just little Johnnie, but little Johnnie's dad. What about the fact that the U.S. women's soccer team is not only being perceived as, and sold as, but is also presenting itself as... a sexual unit?

You can talk about your male-dominated, boorish, belching and beer-bellied sports media all you want, but nobody had to twist Foudy's very strong arm to get her to pose for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s swimsuit issue. And then there was defender Brandi Chastain, severely out of uniform in *Gear* magazine. That picture won her a trip to the *Late Show*, where David Letterman subtly, delicately expressed what was on America's mind. The U.S. team, said the ever sensitive host, was "Babe City," a metropolis populated by "Soccer Mamas."

Not all of them got into the act. "Everybody has to make their own decisions on how they want to be portrayed," said midfielder Michelle Akers. "I am a bit uncomfortable with Brandi's deal." But most took the attitude that if sex was a factor in the Giants Stadium, Soldier Field and Rose Bowl sell-outs—well, that's life in America. "I don't think you have to run around naked to sell the game, but it's good to at least be on the minds of people," said goalkeeper Briana Scurry. "I don't think it's dragging."

But it is objectifying, and in a way that never seems to pertain to guy jocks. Sure, Joe Namath did that take-it-all-off Noxzema ad years ago; Jim Palmer posed in his Jockey shorts, and there's always been a bold sexual element to NBA basketball. But by and large, male sports celebrity is calibrated by success. You win, you make more headlines, you make more dough.

It's never been that way with the women. In the 1970s and '80s, Jan Stephenson and Laura Baugh had outsize celebrity on the golf

tour because they were, well, babes. And today tennis' pouty princess, Anna Kournikova, gets all the endorsements she wants despite the fact that her career WTA-win total is love and love. Kournikova, the poster girl for jockette sex, shows how extreme the situation can get. Craig Kilborn, the beggar's Letterman, did a particularly stupid bit on the eve of the World Cup final, when he waved an American flag for the team as he showed pictures of Foudy, Hamm and then Kournikova—and Kournikova, twice. Total non sequitur and mind-bendingly unfunny, but the message was clear.

Having said all that, there is a difference between the Kournikova case and the Soccer Mamas. Kournikova is rich and famous because she is a babe. (Tell me, quickly, who is Dominique Van Roost, besides being the female tennis player ranked one spot below Kournikova?) The soccer team is a group of successful (key word, that) women going an extra step and having some fun—not to mention making some profit—with America's sexual obsession. Michael Jordan did this, certainly, in most of his advertising (save the Tweetie Bird spots). In other realms, so did Madonna and Ricky Martin—on paper, singers—and even celebs like the ever shirtless Elizabeth Wurtzel and Sebastian Junger—on paper, scribes.

Kournikova is our fault. Babe City is not. Objectification, yes, sure, to a point. But it is objectification without objection. The soccer players are strong, smart, capable, achievement-oriented athletes. Every member of the team has a college degree or is pursuing one. Daughters of Title IX, they've never been told what they cannot do. They feel good about themselves. They feel free to make choices and to put their personalities—and other assets—on exhibit. "Hey, I ran my ass off for this body," said Chastain. "I'm proud of it."

All power to her. Her bravado may even have a salutary effect. Perhaps the booters' out-front sexuality will prompt all their comely fans—girls and boys both—to reconsider what constitutes healthy, full-bodied femininity. Fit as fiddles, Chastain is 5 ft. 7 in. and 130 lbs., Scurry is 5 ft. 8 in. and 145 lbs., Foudy is 5 ft. 6 in. and 130 lbs., Akers is 5 ft. 10 in. and 150 lbs. There's no heroin chic in Babe City. Those, little Suzie, are role-model physiques. ■

Robert Sullivan is an assistant managing editor at *LIFE* magazine.



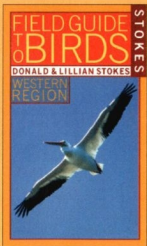
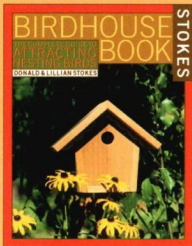
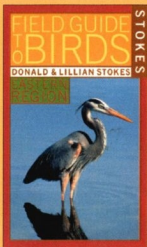
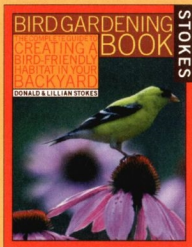
**SOCCER MAMAS** From left, Foudy, Chastain and Hamm—confident enough to show another side



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## THE NEW DREAM TEAM

to make their way off the field. Foudy described this spring's frenzied postgame autograph sessions as a "Beatles-concert-slash-slumber-party." Teenagers, boys and girls, have besieged them, and several of the players tell stories of girls' breaking into tears upon receiving an autograph—or just getting near team members. "It's showing little girls that they have something to look up to if they want to play sports," said Rashad Brown, 32, of Hacienda Heights, Calif., as he led his three daughters—a future midfield perhaps—toward the Rose Bowl for the final. Said his wife Margarita: "Before, we never had this kind of support for a women's event. It's great for our daughters to see such a large crowd supporting a women's event."

Make no mistake: this is a campaign that has been carefully managed and almost perfectly marketed by the Women's World Cup Organizing Committee and such team and event sponsors as Nike, Gatorade, Adidas and Bud Light. Each of the games has been televised and accompanied by ingenious advertising.

Marla Messing, CEO of the organizing committee, had persuaded soccer's mostly male pooh-bahs at the Fédération Internationale de Football Association to stage the games in big stadiums. Messing knew Americans love big events, but she also sensed that the moment had arrived. "We have established a world-class, world-caliber, stand-alone event for women like none other," she crowed. "In a small way, we have all been a part of history. The sport of women's soccer is growing around the world."

The first taste of glory would come at Giants Stadium near New York City, where Mia Hamm helped hammer Denmark in a 3-0 win, opening the scoring with a terrific strike in the 17th minute. That was expected. What nobody expected, at least initially, was a crowd of 79,000 cheering fans. There were painted faces and flags and banners, and an entire section of fans wearing Kristine Lilly shirts. It looked as if someone had gone to suburban malls and parks and hijacked shoppers and picnickers to the stadium. The players were stunned, and after the game Hamm noted that the usually voluble Foudy was speechless. "That doesn't happen too often," Hamm said.

Margaret Carlson

## Why It Was More Than a Game

**P**EOPLE KEEP SAYING WHAT A MILESTONE IT IS THAT ELIZABETH DOLE IS A serious presidential candidate, and while I say, "You go, girl," her accomplishment never affects me the way the sight of Mia Hamm does. I start to talk about her, and I can't because I get a catch in my throat. So much that is wonderful about being a woman in 1999 is embodied in the U.S. women's soccer team: their sticking with it, their unassuming ways, their heart. The first time my daughter and I saw that captivating Nike commercial, the one in which four teammates—and the dentist's nurse—ask to have two fillings because one player has to, we burst out laughing and then blinked back tears.

When I was young in the Dark Ages, I played field hockey with a stick that had duct tape around its base. The nun who coached us would pin up her long blue sleeves, hold an instruction manual in front of her and pray. We sewed numbers on old gym suits to make them look like uniforms, while the guys wore miracle-fabric football jerseys over molded plastic sufficient to protect them in the event of a nuclear attack.

I look back to those days and wonder what the dads devoted to Little League and their sons' football were thinking. Didn't they feel slighted that their daughters weren't in on the fun, not to mention getting their characters built? I was a tomboy, and my father spent countless hours playing catch with me. But he never expected that there would be organized softball for girls. Of course, there was a part of him that overworried about my infrastructure. Girls have babies, after all! When my brother got a detached retina playing tackle, my parents didn't blanch. One day I came home with a bloody nose, and I thought my father was going to pass out.

No one was used to seeing girls throwing, batting, kicking and catapulting themselves around the place. Because girls didn't see other girls doing it, we didn't know what we were missing. Even pros had it hard. Bobby Riggs advised the queen of women's tennis, Billie Jean King, that when playing doubles she should "stand in the alley, and don't hit anything that doesn't hit you first."

But by the time my daughter was in grade school, Title IX had kicked in. I found myself becoming a soccer mom before pollsters knew there was such a thing. Courtney became a Stodtert Stomper, playing on the team at the neighborhood school. There she was in a bright gold mesh-and-Lycra uniform, shoes with cleats. Much of the time, it wasn't pretty; the kids all went where the ball was. They were sprinting, passing, lunging and kicking with abandon, just like the boys. I stood there amazed. A child I hardly recognized as my own hurried herself toward the goal, squealing like a maniac at the satisfaction of competing like the boys, and delighted at how much fun it was to get covered in mud without any consequences. I think it was then that the seeds of putting more of her bones in jeopardy by playing college rugby were planted.

My parents came to the last game of the season—they were quantity-time grandparents and would have come to watch her sleep if I had let them—when the Stompers had almost congealed into a team, intermittently sticking with their positions, occasionally getting a goal. We would have many other touching times together, but it is hard to think of a happier moment than watching my father cheer as his granddaughter went splat into the ground trying to block a goal. If he cringed, he kept it inside. No after-game drink of Gatorade has ever been so sweet.

So thanks, Hamm and Scurry and Chastain and Foudy. Courtney and I will have two fillings.



IN OKLAHOMA, 10-year-old girls compete in soccer tryouts

J. PAT CARTER-AP



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## THE NEW DREAM TEAM

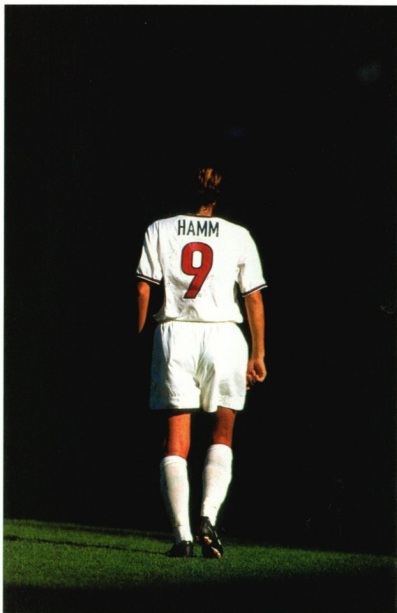
Reporters who wouldn't know an off-side trap from a lobster pot were now descending on the team's lone media rep demanding exclusives. David Letterman pronounced himself "team owner" and began plugging away. Even Tom Brokaw went West for an on-the-scene report.

There were plenty of good stories waiting to be discovered too—"eight- or nine-year overnight sensations," said Nike president Thomas Clarke. After all, this is a veteran group whose members have known one another and played together for a decade in some cases. They won the Olympic gold medal in 1996, and some, including Akers, were around in 1991, when the team won the inaugural World Cup, held in China, where the event apparently was kept a state secret. Indeed, the team barely played the next year because U.S. Soccer couldn't afford to pay anyone.

Since then, the team and the federation have been steadily raising their profile. "We came up with a marketing plan that really tapped into the grass roots," says Alan Rothenberg, chairman of the Women's World Cup board and past president of U.S. Soccer. "We might have 2,000 to 3,000 people at those early barnstorming games," he says, in Hershey, Pa., and in New York's Long Island. Wherever the team went in those days, the hero that girls sought out was Hamm, now 27, whose speed and finesse still give defenders the shakes. As the team's best known player—a distaff version of Michael Jordan—she had the burden of not only scoring goals but also being Miss Publicity. A self-described emotional child from a military family who lost an older brother to a rare blood disease (and still wears his initials on her soccer shoes), Hamm found the soccer field a perfect outlet for her inner fire. She's been on the national team since she was 15.

For Akers, who preceded Hamm to stardom, this Cup was a test of willpower. Dogged by chronic fatigue syndrome and damaged knees, she has pursued this Cup as relentlessly as she has tracked down opposing midfielders. With the Olympics coming up next summer, Akers has said she will listen to what her body is telling her about whether to play. That would be a first for someone whose body has been screaming at her for years.

Originally, Messing figured Women's World Cup could sell a total of about 312,000 tickets for the 17 doubleheaders (the semis were staged in conjunction with an MLS game). Instead the figure will be more like 650,000. While professional women soccer players are no match for the men in skill levels, their game is great entertainment because unlike the final, most games are freewheel-



ing shoot-outs. It was all scintillating soccer, blissfully devoid of drunks and hooligans—just hundreds of thousands of soccer-loving Americans out for good, clean fun.

Now that the American team has reclaimed the championship, however, there is business to take care of. This is sports, after all. The members will take a victory tour to help prepare the defense of their Olympic gold medal in Sydney next summer. They are eager to get a pro league started, perhaps

**WHAT NEXT?** Women's soccer may have arrived, but can Mia Hamm alone sustain the excitement?

with some of the profits this tournament will have generated quite unexpectedly. And there is the matter of the players' contract with

U.S. Soccer, which expires soon. Some team players earn less than \$30,000—coffee money for a male professional. Says Steinbrecher, sounding like a negotiator: "We can't afford to pay them what we think they're worth." He may just have to try a little harder. Welcome to the big time, ladies. —*With reporting by James Willwerth/Pasadena*

# THEY ASKED MO



**Thirty years after that first giant leap for mankind, it's hard to believe America ever had the will—or the vision—to take it**

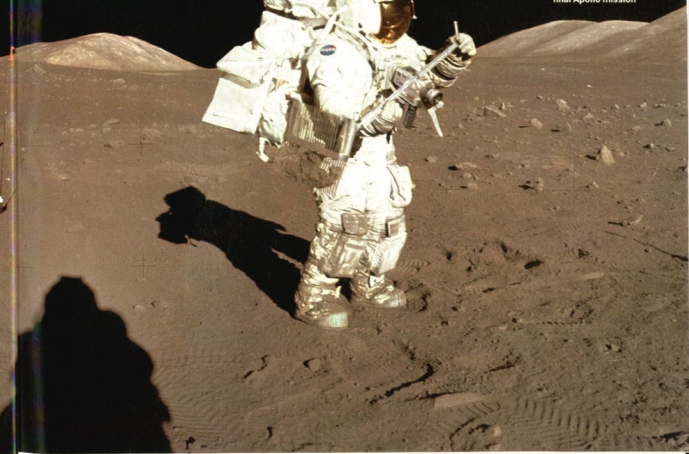
By JEFFREY KLUGER

**T**HE FOLKS AT THE JOHNSON SPACE CENTER IN Houston have never much cared for their \$225 million lawn ornament. Certainly, it's an impressive-looking thing; measuring nearly 400 ft. from its needlely nose to its four stubby fins, it was designed on a scale more commonly associated with buildings than machines. The problem is, it's been decades since this particular machine actually stood to its full height. Instead, it has spent most

A C E

# ED FOR THE MOON

**GOODBYE, MOON**  
Gathering rock  
samples on what  
turned out to be the  
final Apollo mission



## SPACE

of its life lying on its side in the withering Houston sun—beached, spent, a triumph less of engineering than of taxidermy.

The \$225 million lawn ornament is—or was—a Saturn V rocket, one that was briefly known by the promising designation Apollo 18. Originally built to carry men to the surface of the moon, Apollo 18 was poised to go until the early 1970s, when the U.S. ran out of both the money and the will to make that kind of journey, and the giant missile was ordered to stand down.

Between 1968 and 1972, however, nine of Apollo 18's brother rockets did fly astronauts to the moon, six of them taking crews straight down into the powdered-sugar soil of the ancient lunar surface. Thirty years ago, Apollo 11, the first of those historic missions, took off from Cape Kennedy carrying space veterans Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins and Buzz Aldrin. Four days later, on July 20, 1969, Armstrong and Aldrin actually set their ugly, leggy lunar module down on the plains of the Sea of Tranquility, becoming the first two men to walk on another world. Over the next three years, Apollos 12, 14, 15, 16 and 17 followed, putting down in such improbable spots as the Ocean of Storms, the Descartes highlands

and the shadows of the soaring Apennines.

For most of the Apollo crews, trained in the lone-eagle ethos of the fighter pilot, lunar travel was an unsettlingly bureaucratic exercise. Flying to the moon was not about a solitary Lindbergh climbing inside a hammered-tin airplane and flying, skeeter-like, out over the Atlantic. Rather, it was an idea that was hatched by government, executed by industry and bankrolled by a taxpaying public that knew full well the breathtaking cost of the project and yet year after year kept writing the checks.

So absurd was the idea of lunar travel, so unlikely was its success, that at the mo-

ment of the Apollo program's crowning glory, it almost seemed as if it wasn't happening at all. In order to have any realistic chance of making it to the lunar surface, the astronauts had to spend years rehearsing their missions, drilling and drilling and drilling the landings until they almost drilled the juice out of them. The first words spoken after the Apollo 11 lunar module actually touched down were not, as most people believe, "Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed." Rather, they were "ACA out of detent ... mode control, both auto; descent engine command override, off," as Aldrin recon-



**ONE HAPPY MAN** Neil Armstrong wears a satisfied smile after his historic moonwalk



**PHOTO OP** The late Pete Conrad is reflected in the visor of Apollo 12's Al Bean





figured his instrument-panel switches. It was only after that pedestrian bit of business was done that Armstrong spoke for the ages.

Once the hatches of the lunar modules were opened, all that changed. Out in the dunes of the moon, the Apollo astronauts behaved like nothing more—and nothing less—than human beings. They toddled around; they fell down; they got dirty; they kept house. They knew the whole world knew they were there, yet they nonetheless made it a point to leave behind small or sweet or poignant things to mark their brief passing. Gene Cernan, commander of

Apollo 17, wrote his daughter's initials in the soil with his finger; Charlie Duke, lunar-module pilot of Apollo 16, left behind a picture of his family.

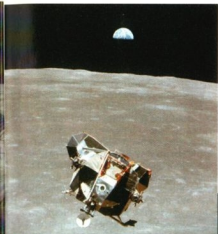
To be sure, what propelled the Apollo crewmen to the moon was more than just "Kilroy was here" egoism. Over the course of the half a dozen landing missions, the astronauts pried loose and carried home 838.2 lbs. of lunar rocks, providing Earth-bound scientists with rare tissue samples of a nearby body whose geological origins mirror the solar system's own. Priceless as the artifacts were, however, in the days of Apollo, geology was always trumped by po-

etry, and everybody within the space community knew it.

Curiously, if there was any group that was not fully able to appreciate this victory of adventure over science, it was the Apollo astronauts themselves. (All told, there were a dozen moonwalkers; with the death of Apollo 12 astronaut Pete Conrad last week, nine of them survive.) Before his death in 1982, Jack Swigert, command-module pilot of Apollo 13 (a mission that taught NASA a thing or two about adventure), noted that the very thing that qualified lunar astronauts to fly the missions they were flying disqualified them from experiencing them fully. Can you fathom the utter, hostile emptiness of translunar space and still retain the calm to fly your spacecraft blithely through it?

No, Swigert believed, you can either go to the moon or you can appreciate the significance of going, but you can't do both. If that's the choice, it's possible that the nearly 4 billion people the astronauts left behind when they set off on their journeys—the people who get to look at the pictures and study the rocks and retell the tales the explorers brought home—just might have got the better part of the deal. ■

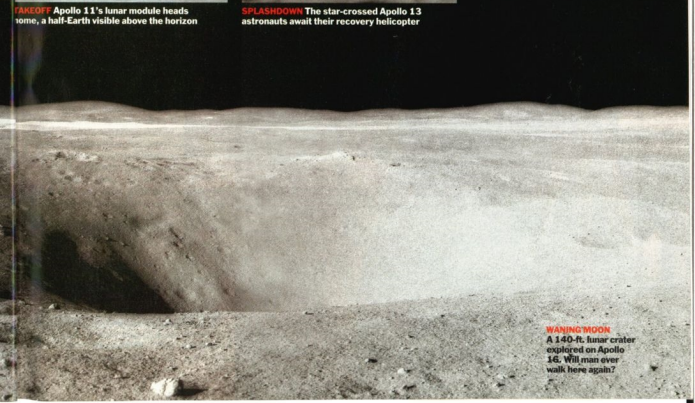
PHOTOGRAPH BY NASA. FROM THE BOOK "A MAN ON THE MOON" BY ANDREW CHAPMAN



**TAKEOFF** Apollo 11's lunar module heads home, a half-Earth visible above the horizon



**SPLASHDOWN** The star-crossed Apollo 13 astronauts await their recovery helicopter



**WAXING MOON**  
A 140-ft. lunar crater explored on Apollo 16. Will man ever walk here again?

# THE TAP...TAP TAP 0

Two documentary films return to Vietnam to disclose powerful truths about honor—and grief

By LANCE MORROW

**V**IETNAM WAS A LONG TIME AGO, OF course. The rage is all but gone, or mellowed to irony. Hanoi has a real Hanoi Hilton now, with a grand ballroom and a website. My Lai is a theme park.

But those who think of the war from time to time—how it tore America apart—remember it with a winning clarity; Vietnam can be appallingly fresh in the mind. The other day I was shocked to talk to a young man who had no idea what the Tet offensive was. How could he not know?, I wondered, illogically. In those days (Tet was early 1968), we opened the mailbox to get the paper, and the news jumped out like rattlesnakes.

Now Vietnam comes round again for one of its periodic encores in the American mind. The war used to make these reappearances like the ghost of Hamlet's father as played by an adolescent—over-acting, howling at the universe: think of the *Rambo* movies or *Apocalypse Now*. But the American flashbacks get more reflective as the years pass. This time the war revisits in the form of two documentary films, radically different from each other (one is utterly masculine, the other completely feminine). Both bring to the subject a wisdom earned the hard way.

The masculine film, *Return with Honor*, received standing ovations at the Sundance Film Festival in January. It is now



**DEFIANCE** Paul Galanti tried to send a message; LIFE's editors airbrushed it



# OF COURAGE

being released around the country. The documentary, a nonideological then-and-now account of American pilots shot down over North Vietnam and held as prisoners of war, got the same tearful, fervent response in other previews in Washington and Los Angeles. Tom Hanks saw an early video copy and agreed to "present" the film, whose message has a spiritual kinship to *Saving Private Ryan*: a reassertion of the virtues of bravery, fortitude and self-sacrifice.

More than two dozen American airmen shot down over North Vietnam tell the stories of their captivity; interviewed in front of a black backdrop, they speak without a trace of swagger or even ego (unheard of in a gang of fighter pilots). The men are understated, even serene. Their stories of torture and endurance—one was imprisoned for 8½ years—are intercut with newsreels and astonishing black-and-white propaganda footage that the Academy Award-winning husband-and-wife team of Freida Lee Mock and Terry Sanders found in Vietnamese archives in Hanoi.

There in grainy black and white is the young John McCain, lieutenant commander, U.S.N., shot down in October 1967. In pain, he mutters to the camera that he loves his wife. McCain—now, of course, Republican Senator from Arizona and running for President—refused the early release that the North Vietnamese offered him (his father was commander of U.S. forces in the Pacific), an act of solidarity that earned him additional torture.

We see Commander James Stockdale (who would retire as an admiral and run for Vice President in 1992 with Ross Perot) driven to such despondency in prison that he attempts suicide. Here is the Navy's Richard Stratton "playing the Manchurian candidate," he says, pretending to be brainwashed when paraded before propaganda cam-

eras. Forced into the same mock show, Commander Jeremiah Denton blinks out T-O-R-T-U-R-E in Morse code with his eyelids. Lieut. Paul Galanti casually displays both middle fingers before the cameras (only to have the obscene gesture airbrushed out by LIFE magazine).

Torture was regular and excruciating; the middle-aged former prisoners discuss it with the inspiring matter-of-factness of the unbroken. A favorite technique, "the Vietnamese rope trick," involved binding the arms behind the back and rotating them upward until the shoulders and elbows popped out of their sockets.

What sustained the prisoners in the face of isolation and torture? They were all officers and aviators, highly trained and intelligent, the cream of the American military. In extremis, they survived on two codes—the tap code and the honor code.

Nothing destroys like isolation. The men communicated—and sustained one

another—by tapping through walls. The Hanoi Hilton, says ex-Air Force pilot Ron Bliss, "sounded like a den of runaway woodpeckers." The North Vietnamese never mastered the code, which laid out the alphabet on a simple 5-by-5 grid (omitting K, for which C was used). They tapped first the line, then the letter in that line. Thus the letter B would be tap... tap tap. The code flowed so fluently that the men told one another jokes; kicks on the wall meant a laugh. Every Sunday, at a coded signal, the men stood and recited the Lord's Prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance.

Almost alone among the former prisoners, Stockdale criticizes the film, which he finds "superficial" and inattentive to the deeper mysteries of fortitude and survival.

At bottom, *Return with Honor* is a sort of harrowing American fairy tale: shining heroes, knights of the air, fall to ground, to dark dungeon. They are tested in fire and darkness, and emerge with honor. Their suffering purifies the troubled nation that sent them to an impure battle. Or so the nation, emerging from the theater with tears in its eyes, likes to think.

The other film, *Regret to Inform*—made over the course of 10 years by Barbara Sonneborn in memory of her husband Jeff Gurwitz, killed in February 1968—is a lamentation, an elegy for both sides in the war (the Vietnamese called it "the American War"). Sonneborn interviewed other American widows. She journeyed to Vietnam to find the place (Khe Sanh) where her husband died. She talked with North Vietnamese and Viet Cong women. The film has about it a terrible ache of sadness, and of truth.

*Return with Honor* is a story about warriors' deliverance through suffering and steadfastness. *Regret to Inform* is a kind of beautifully made poem, a cello piece, about grief—about war seen through the eyes of women and, as Sonneborn says more brutally, about the people who underneath the warriors' bombs.

What links the two films, besides the war, is this: both arrive at a destination far beyond politics. We have got that far in coming home from the longest war. —With reporting by Elin Martens/New York



**YANKEE AIR PIRATE** Filmmakers Mock and Sanders uncovered rare footage in Hanoi archives of U.S. pilots paraded through the streets



**HARD CASES** Though kept in leg irons like these, tortured for weeks at a time, POWs in the "Hanoi Hilton" refused to break



**CURU BOB** Princess Peter-Raboff and fellows with Redford or the billboard image of a star urinating on a wall.

"I want to make movies I haven't seen," says film-lab fellow Patrick Stettner, 31, of New York City. I realize, just in the nick of time, that it would be inappropriate to hug him. Stettner, who works as a billing secretary at a Manhattan law firm, was selected on the strength of a darkly comic screenplay he had written about the dehumanizing effect of contemporary corporate culture, particularly on women.

His fellow fellows—all selected on the strength of their screenplays—have wrung wit and wisdom out of racial stereotypes, the paralysis of guilt, the gift of redemption. Five of the eight are women, two are black, one is Native American and another is Asian. They have one thing in common: a story to tell. Which, in Hollywood these days, passes for experimental filmmaking.

"The whole focus here is the story," says Redford, who grew up the son of a Los Angeles milkman in a neighborhood sandwiched by Beverly Hills and the barrio. Those clashing cultures, mixed with an interest in jazz and the Beat scene, infused in him a lifelong, insatiable desire for untold stories in alternative voices.

While the pressure in Hollywood is to make what sells, the challenge at Sundance is to make what no one else has yet considered. That's why the staff recruits the best talent, pumps fresh mountain air into their brains and hopes they are never tempted, no matter how much money is waved under their noses, to make *The Return of Howard the Duck*. "This place," says Mike Hoffman, a 1984 fellow whose recent directing credits include *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, "is a

## SHOW BUSINESS

# SUNDANCE SUMMER

Eight wannabe directors spend a month with Redford and other pros to sharpen their craft

By STEVE LOPEZ SUNDANCE

IT'S ONE ENDLESS REEL IN MY MIND now. A big boat is sinking; a starship is rising; an ex-stand-up is drawing \$1 million per potty joke; and the studio magpies are eyeballing the receipts over Monday-morning cappuccino.

A smart lad would stick with art house offerings and steer clear of the Cineplex, especially the whizbang megareleases. But not a slow learner who adores the very idea of going to the movies and keeps thinking the next one's actually going to be worth the eight bucks. I see ads on buses; I hear the buzz; I read blurbs promising the adventure of a lifetime. They do not tell you that part of the adventure will entail leaving the theater with a bag over your head.

And then along comes this assignment: Go to Sundance in Utah; see what the new kids in cinema are doing; maybe have lunch with Robert Redford.

O.K.

This is the Sundance you never heard about, nothing at all like the winter film festival, with its annual invasion of flesh-eating Hollywood toads. Every summer since 1981, a handful of wannabe directors (generally in their 20s or early 30s) have been invited to spend a month learning how to make their first

feature films in the company of professional actors, directors and other wildlife, namely moose, which can be spotted from the ski lift. This year 3,000 applications arrived for the Sundance June Filmmakers/Screenwriters Lab. All but eight ended up on the cutting-room floor.

"The summer lab gets the least attention, but it's the most important thing we do," says Redford over lunch in the Sundance mess tent, the music of rushing streams riding in on drifts of alpine air. Important because this level of creative nurturing doesn't exist anywhere else and because these future directors do not seem inclined—not yet, anyway—toward the variety of film that is promoted with either a Happy Meal

## Four film-laboratory alumni who made good



1991 Quentin Tarantino



1995 Paul Thomas Anderson



1997 Sherman Alexie



1998 Anna Deavere Smith



celebration of human subtlety against the glaring cultural vulgarity."

*Central Station* (1998) and *Three Seasons* (1999), two critically acclaimed releases, are by former film-lab fellows Walter Salles and Tony Bui. *The Wood*, a coming-of-age story about three African Americans by Rick Famuyiwa, is due out this week. The list of Sundance students over the years is long and impressive. It includes Quentin Tarantino, Julie Taymor, Paul Thomas Anderson, Sherman Alexie and Anna Deavere Smith. So when you watch 25-year-old Princess Peter-Raboff, an Alaska native and member of the Venetie Indian Reservation, shoot one of her first ever scenes with award-winning Hungarian director Gyula Gazdag offering pointers and encouragement, you can't help wondering if a young genius is finding her way.

"You do find yourself saying, 'Wow, I'm going to steal that idea for one of my films,'" says creative adviser Alfonso Cuarón, whose credits as a director include *The Little Princess*. "And when one of them gets famous, you can say, 'Of course. I was the adviser.'"

Fellows don't actually make their movies in the month-long lab, but they shoot dry runs in the hope that they'll one day get the financing to do it for real. (Sundance helps in that process.) And it's not like back home, where you have your roommate or maybe some waiter read for you. Here, Ally Sheedy (*St. Elmo's Fire* and more recently *High Art*) plays the role you wrote, or maybe it's Mary Alice (star of the Broadway productions of *Having Our Say*, *Fences* and *The Shadow Box*), or Delroy Lindo (*Clockers*, *Malcolm X* and *Get Shorty*), or Martha Plimpton (remember her from *Parenthood* and *Goonies*?).

Gus van Sant might screen *To Die For* one evening, tell war stories and then hang out with fellows at the actual bar from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. You walk into a powwow on creativity, and who shows up but Denzel Washington? "After a while, they don't make you nervous anymore," says Attica Locke, 25, of Los Angeles. "It's not that I

got used to seeing stars whose work I respect. It's that I got used to me and the belief that my viewpoint was valid."

Here is the daughter of a black-power activist—a kid named for the prison riots. She grows up in Houston, goes to college in Chicago, and on a family trip across "the raw, evocative landscape" of Texas for Christmas dinner at Grandma's in 1997, she gets an

part. "She has a wonderful, wonderful grasp of dialogue, but something struck me as slightly improbable," says Lindo. "She said to me, 'There you are on the screen and I respect you, and you step off the screen and come here and criticize my work, and it hurts me.'"

Is it any wonder that Locke got so stressed out by the challenging 12-hour days that, as she says, "my body started to break down"? Lindo is apologetic. He should have been more constructive, he says. Maybe so. But Locke, who loses at least a foot to Lindo in height, doesn't back down. "I see beyond the polarity," she says of race relations, speaking with the same hopeful tone that powers her script. At dinner one night, Redford sees in her eyes that Locke is trapped in the halfway house between self-confidence and self-doubt. He strolls up and tells her not to worry. "This is all part of the experience," he says. "You've got a good story."

Redford's mother-henning is one come-on, the setting another. The morning sound and smell of creek water under a wooden footbridge, the afternoon light on lush summer grass, the green-walled canyons climbing the evening sky—anyone who can't draw creative inspiration from this place should probably be shooting weddings and bar mitzvahs. "It's like you're in a bubble," Plimpton says. "Nothing else exists when you're here." Not Hollywood, not Top 10 lists, not even makeup.

June came and went on the mountain, and we are that much closer now to eight new listings in the movie guide. Locke, by the end, has become convinced of two things—that she has to rework one of her main characters and that she has never believed more in her movie. Alice, once a critic, has become an admirer, and says that when the movie gets made, she wants to be in it.

"The stuff I learned at Sundance is bigger than the film," says Locke. When she got back home to L.A., she said she had the odd feeling that no time had passed, but that everything had changed. ■



**A TRIP TO HELL** Film fellow Perry Lin maps out his horrific tale of desire and guilt for adviser Michael Caton-Jones



**A JOURNEY HOME** Attica Locke's take on murder, inspired by a visit to her hometown, rips into racial stereotypes

inspiration for a story about two bodies turning up in a small Texas town. One is black, one white. Locke writes a fresh, clean drama about racial stereotypes and her belief that being black is easier in the South than in the North. It becomes her ticket to Sundance, and almost as soon as she drops her bags, two black professional actors—Alice and Lindo—tell her she doesn't know anything about the black experience they know.

Uh-oh. Here comes the learning

# "Enough Is Enough!"

After five years full of rancor and embarrassments, Disney and Jeffrey Katzenberg settle their lawsuit

By RICHARD CORLISS

**T**HEIR FEATURES HAVE THE STRONG, distinct contours of cartoon characters: Michael Eisner, with a smooth oval face and a personality as big and buoyant as a Macy's parade float; Jeffrey Katzenberg, his relentless energy packed into the trim lines of a bantam rooster. Some animation wizard—at Eisner's Disney or Katzenberg's DreamWorks—could build a clever scenario around the adventures of these two critters. But don't expect to see a cartoon version of Katzenberg's lawsuit against Disney anytime soon. A film about that trial, which had Hollywood adrool over a public brawl between two of the town's most potent moguls, would be a drama of rage and rancor. Call it *An Uncivil Action*.

Last week, suddenly, peace broke out. Nearly five years after Katzenberg abruptly left Disney, where he had run the animation and live-action film units, and two years after he sued for what he saw as his rightful share of profits from the movies he shepherded there, the two sides settled. "Enough is enough!" Katzenberg was told by David Geffen, the DreamWorks partner who brokered the settlement with Disney board member Stanley Gold. "This time it's for real. It can get done, and therefore it should get done." It got done, early last week, at Geffen's Malibu beach home.

Each side can be grateful it's over. Disney gets a public relations ogre off its back at a time when its fortunes are lagging. Also, it is spared the final phase of the trial, in which Eisner would have had to counter Katzenberg's estimate of future revenue by poor-mouthing the company's prospects. And Katzenberg gets a nice bundle—if not the \$550 million he wanted. No dollar figure was disclosed, but the educated guess was around \$250 million, including the \$117 million Katzenberg has already received. The sum is to be paid within a year, giving the plaintiff a fat payday—and an enormous tax bill.

A tie can be seen as a win or a loss. Katzenberg, paraphrasing Geffen's definition of a fair settlement, told

**LION:** The Katzenberg-shepherded *Lion King* is Disney's all-time top earner



**KATZ:** "I'm disappointed," said the newly rich mogul



**MOUSE:** "I'm satisfied," said the CEO who paid

TIME, "I'm disappointed that I didn't get what I thought I should, and they must be disappointed they paid more than they thought they should." Eisner accentuated the positive: "I'm satisfied this is behind us. Jeffrey deserved something because he was very much a part of the Disney renaissance. And in the end he's probably getting less profit participation than some of today's stars and directors."

At issue was Katzenberg's 2% share of royalties from Disney movies and their lucrative spin-offs in video, on CD and on Broadway. His team argued that these royalties could be virtually perpetual, as new markets and technologies opened. Disney was prepared to state that the big profits came only from the first cycle of theatrical and video release.

But this suit was personal. Katzenberg often referred to Eisner as a father figure; Eisner had been his mentor for 19 years at Paramount and Disney. So he had to be stung by Eisner's offhand slur, in informal notes for an autobiography, that "I think I hate the little midget"—a

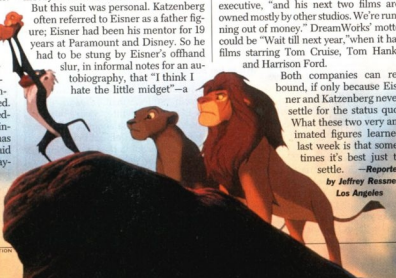
remark notable not just for its animosity but also for its redundancy (a former English professor of Eisner's called the CEO to make just that point). The gibe, says a Katzenberg colleague, "was so painful that no money could make him feel better. What Jeffrey always wanted and never got was Michael's appreciation. The check was just a really nice Band-Aid."

Now both men can devote full time to companies that need tending. Disney has suffered its first slump in the Eisner era. Though the theme parks remain strong, animated films are pricier and less profitable than in *Lion King* days; the studio has not had a breakout live-action hit this year; the Disney stores are hurting; the home-video arm is being restructured; the blending of Disney's and ABC's production units means layoffs. Consequently, Disney stock, long a Wall Street pet, is down 25% in the past year.

DreamWorks has its own problems. After a robust 1998 (*Saving Private Ryan*, *Deep Impact*, *Antz*, *The Prince of Egypt*), the studio has sagged in '99. The TV-animation unit was dropped, as was a highly touted interactive video operation. Some departments have been ordered to cut their budgets 35%. The legal staff and other top people spent precious time researching Disney's potential earnings for the Katzenberg case. "Jeffrey has devoted a lot of time to this lawsuit, which had an impact on DreamWorks," says Geffen. "He was more invested in it than he should have been."

Plans for a studio "campus" in Playa Vista—a fervent wish of the company's third partner, Steven Spielberg—are dead. "Steven is our main asset," says an executive, "and his next two films are owned mostly by other studios. We're running out of money." DreamWorks' motto could be "Wait till next year," when it has films starring Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks and Harrison Ford.

Both companies can rebound, if only because Eisner and Katzenberg never settle for the status quo. What these two very animated figures learned last week is that sometimes it's best just to settle. —Reported by Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

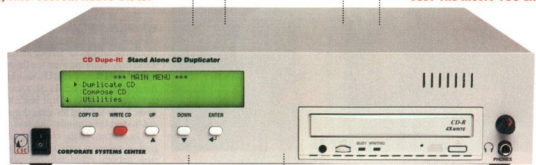


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**HIGH MAINTENANCE** "Reverse tipping" (putting dark tips on blond) in Denver

fad," Nowland says. "It's men evolving into the same degree of fashion rights that women have had."

Justin Cichowski, a 16-year-old on the football team at Jacobs High School in Algonquin, Ill., is proud of his new tips, though he admits to "feeling a little weird when they made me wear the little red hat inside the beauty salon." In nearby South Barrington, Pete Castillo, 31, a warehouse manager, just got his tips last month. "I guess I was looking for something different to start the summer," he says.

In contrast to the old days, when the goal of coloring your hair was to make sure nobody could tell, the new wave grows out of a peacock-like desire to make sure everyone within a 10-mile radius notices. Chris Landry, 25, sits on a chair at Urban Renewal in Denver while Yvonne tips his platinum hair blue with a mascara wand. Landry, who has had his hair tipped for 14 years and may in fact be in a fashion rut, is here after making a mess with store-bought blue dye. "Yvonne told me she could fix this," he says, "and I was pretty much, 'Whatever.'" Stylists say dyeing men's hair is easier than women's: if they mess up, the guys usually just tell them to shave it all off.

"Dyeing your hair and caring about the way you look aren't sissy anymore," says Robert Bullock, 28, walking out of Denver's Urban Renewal after a touch-up. "I'm a high-maintenance kind of guy. It takes me a good 15 minutes in the morning. I even bought a hair dryer, and I never thought I'd own one."

At least the powdered wig was less trouble.

—With reporting by Maureen Harrington/Denver and Mark Shuman/Madison

## FASHION

# A Man and His Colorist

Guys go for hair that stands out in a crowd

By JOEL STEIN

**T**HERE HAS BEEN LITTLE TO CELEBRATE in men's hair innovation during the past 300 years: the powdered wig, the Mohawk, the ducktail—not proud moments. So we should probably not be surprised at the latest expression of men's vanity: tipping, in which guys bleach or dye just the tops of their short, spiky strands, leaving their roots long and exposed. Imagine Heather Locklear if her hair were attacked by a razor.

Men—men with jobs, men who aren't graying, men who like to go bowling—are dyeing their hair more than ever. With gels and waxes and moisturizers being marketed to males, and magazines singularly dedicated to stories about tighter abs, men are rapidly closing the vanity gap with women. Men's home hair-color sales reached \$113.5 million last year, a 50% increase in just five years. Rock stars (Sugar Ray's Mark McGrath), actors (George Clooney) and athletes (nearly the entire Anaheim Angels baseball team) are tipping their hair blond or going completely Chrissy Snow platinum. In February L'Oréal launched a line of its Féria home dye for men, with colors ranging from goth black to platinum blond (the most

popular shade). "Most of us still want to watch baseball and drink beer, but we do wear Armani suits," says Joseph Campinell, president of L'Oréal Retail in the U.S. "There's been so much of an attitude about looking good and feeling good. Men are starting to use more personal-care products." To Campinell, this is a good thing.

The hair color they're choosing is defiantly punky—even people fooled by Pam Anderson aren't going to think these guys are natural blonds. And it's spreading from trend-conscious Manhattan and Beverly Hills to middle American towns like Madison, Wis. Michael Nowland, a stylist at Madison's Vogue Hair Co., says a third of his male clients have tips, a look he has seen on a legislator at the state capitol as well as Mark Koehn, a 43-year-old local-news anchor. "You're seeing it in offices, and I don't really think this is a

## Only His Hairdresser Knows for Sure



Older gentlemen, once considered classically handsome in a Phil Donahue way, are paying more attention to hair color these days too. In a tech-driven work force more youth obsessed than ever, salt-and-peppered men are reaching for familiar products like Grecian Formula and Just for Men (which technically aren't dyes but clear liquids containing chemicals that react with the hair to produce a dark pigment), along with newcomers like Revlon's ColorStay Naturals for Men. But they're also stepping into hair salons. In a recent survey 36% of men said they would color their hair just to look better at work. Perhaps Phil should have thought of this when Oprah got her first national TV contract.

In Denver's posh hair salon the Modern, colorist Libby Green says she's seen a steady increase in male customers willing to pay \$85 to get the gray out. "Mostly my clients are corporate people who are worried they look too old in their jobs," she says. And while some have no problem tossing on a plastic cape in the middle of the day and diving into the new INSTYLE, others try to sneak in early in the morning. "It really bothers them, so I try and take care of them pretty discreetly," says Green. Maybe Bob Dole can help these people too.



# Reads Like Teen Spirit

Edgy fiction is making literature "cool" again

By DAVID SPITZ

**C**HARLIE HAS ISSUES. HIS FAVORITE aunt passed away, and his best friend just committed suicide. The girl he loves wants him as a friend; a girl he does not love wants him as a lover. His 18-year-old sister is pregnant. The LSD he took is not sitting well. And he has a math quiz looming. Charlie is the high school freshman protagonist of *The Perks of Being a Wallflower*, by Stephen Chbosky, a 29-year-old screenwriter. Published by MTV, it is one of a new generation of novels geared toward teenagers, for whom such subjects are increasingly just part of growing up.

Young-adult novels, as the genre used to be called, still center on disenfranchised adolescents who could be direct descendants of Holden Caulfield. Now, though, says Stephen Roxburgh, president and publisher of Front Street Books, "the heat has been turned up." Front Street helped bring so-called bleak books to early teens in 1997 when it published one book set in a juvenile-detention facility (Adam Rapp's *The Buffalo Tree*) and another in which a 13-year-old sleeps with her mother's boss (Brock Cole's *The Facts Speak for Themselves*). They were followed by Melvin Burgess's even more graphic *Smack*, a British novel imported by Henry Holt, which details a middle-class 15-year-



old's descent into the world of heroin addiction and prostitution.

These books and others that feature stark themes, complex plot lines and ambiguous resolutions are edging out the happy endings and conventional morals of the old-style teen "problem" novels, which would obsess over something like a divorce, or an accidental pregnancy, for 120 pages. "The formula has been broken," says Eliza Dresang, author of *Radical Change: Books for Youth in a Digital Age*.

Now in its fourth printing, *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* has developed a cult following since it was released in February. "It reminded me of me and my friends, totally and completely," a teen reader reported on an AOL message board. Said another: "I don't read books by choice too often, but I really loved this one."

Book merchants and publishers love it too. Amazon.com has designated a special area for teens online; chains like Borders and Barnes & Noble have begun to do the same in their stores (hint: look for teen racks near the coffee bar).

To make the books more attractive to young people, publishers are printing them in larger sizes and illustrating their covers with bold colors and stylish graphics. They're also promoting the books on TV shows and in magazines that are popular with youngsters, as well as on websites.

Teen fiction may, in fact, be the first literary genre born of the Internet. Its fast-paced narratives draw upon the target demographic's kinship with MTV, which has a joint venture with Pocket Books, and with the Internet and kids' ease in processing

information in unconventional formats. *Smack* is told by multiple narrators. *Monster*, the latest novel by veteran children's book author Walter Dean Myers, is recounted in the form of a screenplay. Louis Sachar's *Holes*, last year's Newbery and National Book Award winner about a boy erroneously sent to a juvenile detention center, shuttles between past and present.

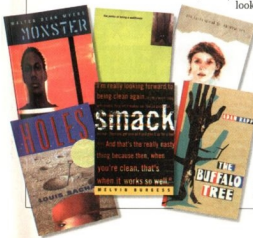
*The Perks of Being a Wallflower* is presented as a collection of letters the narrator has written to an unspecified recipient. Nearing the end of his freshman year, Charlie realizes what he likes about a certain book, and his description serves to explain the appeal of his own narrative: "It wasn't like you had to really search for the philosophy. It was pretty straightforward. I thought, and the great part is that I took what the author wrote about and put it in terms of my own life."

Teen books may not be able to compete with the visuals of *The Matrix*, but they do provide a few hours of what teens may need most: time to think. And there's nothing bleak about that.

## FROM OUR STAFF



CHRISTOPHER OGDEN, A TIME contributor and author of the Pamela Harriman biography *Life of the Party*, has written *Legacy*, a history of media moguls Moses and Walter Annenberg. The saga of immigrant Moses, self-made millionaire and racing-news king, and his son Walter, billionaire founder of *TV Guide*, takes readers from America's bookie parlors to Britain's Court of St. James's.



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EP-14

## BOOKS

# High Times in the Valley

In Po Bronson's rosy view of the start-up sagas of Silicon Valley, even failure seems exciting



PO BRONSON WANTS YOU TO feel Silicon Valley's heartbeat. He wants you to know why people pour in from around the globe to struggle at no-name start-ups and fight for \$1,200 studios next to strip malls. The valley is the epicenter of the digital revolution, the soul of change. Its lure must be more than a crass grab for cash, right?

Much more, according to Bronson, who views life in the high-tech mecca as nothing less than an existential journey. From the opening chapter of *The Nudist* on the Late Shift (Random House; 248 pages; \$25), when he gushes about "meeting young people at the proving point of their lives who risked it all and would either succeed wildly or go down tragically," Bronson is on a crusade to capture the romance of this seemingly soulless patch of Northern California.

It's a seductive lead-in for this juicy collection of true tales. Bronson profiles the inventor who finances his idea by growing pot, the programmer who blows off a major project for a squirrel-hunting trip, the project manager who fantasizes about murdering a co-worker. Even the used-cube broker has his charms. As in his fictional satires, *Bombardiers* and *The First \$20 Million Is Always the Hardest*, this clever storyteller keeps you laughing as you breeze from one episode to the next.

But this time Bronson gets serious too: "I wanted to know what burns in the heart," he says. So he finds a struggling French entrepreneur with no venture funding, no friends and a work visa about to expire, who confesses, "There's a knife at my throat. Sometimes I get really, really scared." A motherly saleswoman talks about going for "the kill" when she closes a deal. A CEO starts to unravel in the final sweaty minutes of an IPO that just might fail. The tension is palpable, the fear real, as Bronson chronicles "the living hell of radical uncertainty that is start-up life."

So why does *The Nudist* feel so often like a motivational speech for Amway recruits? Perhaps because of comments like "There is no true failure in Silicon Valley" or "To create and risk failing is the essence of feeling alive." When Bronson isn't exhorting readers to "give salesmen their due respect," he's reminding us that the futurist George Gilder is always right—technology will prevail. Through Bronson's rosy lens, everyone is boldly striving in the valley, even if it's just for free cappuccinos in the break room.

And when he eases up, he does so



**QUEST: The author seeks "what burns in the heart"**

only lately. His idea of a dropout is a genius inventor taking a turn as a lead technologist for Disney. An engineer who moves to Maine to become a glass blower might have been a better example.

Like a Hollywood producer who has discovered a new starlet, Bronson is so fixated on the valley's magic that the greed, disillusionment and boredom that are just as much a part of the picture rarely come into focus. The only thing that seems to bother him is the vacant landscape. But what about the worker bees who assemble electronic components for subminimum wages on their cramped living-room floors? And how long can any but a handful of key players in a chaotic start-up sustain their contact highs? If Bronson had dared to bare all, then *The Nudist* would have been truly revealing.

—By Anita Hamilton

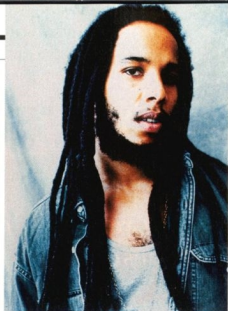
MUSIC

# Restoring The Chills

Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers make their richest CD yet

**T**HE MUSIC SOUNDS LIKE THE FUTURE and the past. Shivery acoustic guitar on top of spare, steady percussion with a high, husky voice piercing through it all. "In high seas or low seas/ I'm gonna be your friend..." Something about that voice—tremulous, tender, tough—recalls Bob Marley, more than a little bit. But check out the album credits. It's actually Stephen, one of Bob's sons, performing a remake of his father's classic *High Tide or Low Tide*. The song is one of many bewitching moments on *Spirit of Music*, the latest CD by Ziggy Marley (another son of Bob's) and his siblings Stephen, Cedella and Sharon, known collectively as the Melody Makers.

Ziggy Marley, now 30, and the family band have been making music for more than a decade. But Ziggy always felt that something was missing. "The best part of the music was never heard by the people," he says. "Because the best part is the beginning—when I'm sitting down writing the music with an acoustic guitar.



**THE "BEGINNING" SOUND:** Bowing to the past, the new album is unadorned by studio tricks or excess

There's so much feeling, so much chills. We wanted to get that across." To bring back the chills, the group brought in veteran producer Don Was (a respected studio vet who has worked with Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones) to help it capture the essence of the music, to strip away studio trickery and pop excess. The group has worked with outside producers before—Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth of the rock group Talking Heads produced its 1988 album, *Conscious Party*—but the result this time is the most focused and mature of the band's career so far.

Although the CD features two Bob Marley covers—in addition to *High Tide or Low Tide*, there's

*You Got My Love (All Day All Night)*—it also boasts a number of smartly conceived and performed originals. Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers, at the start of their career, were known for a kind of brightly colored pop reggae. On the new album the songs are mostly shadowy and introspective; the instrumentation is low key, and the vocals are tinged with the blues. Many of the songs feel beautifully unvarnished, presented to the world in the rough. Marley hopes they capture the "beginning" sound he was searching for. Says he: "If we didn't get it now, we're very, very close."

One of the best songs on the album is a memorable Ziggy Marley original titled *Many Waters*. The song has a rolling

reggae rhythm and a funky bass groove, with Ziggy's murmured, soulful vocals smoothly layered on top. As in the band's cover of *High Tide or Low Tide*, there's a prayerful feel. The song never explodes; it builds and yearns and pushes on. Cedella and Sharon Marley add soft, sweet backup vocals. The song's sleek lines are evidence of the band's ever sharpening skills and broadening artistic ambition—pop melodies no longer satisfy. They're looking to create moods, evoke feelings, go deeper.

Bob Marley was a poet of the Third World, one of the great musical artists of the century, a tough legacy to live up to, but his children are giving it their all. For the Marley family, the tide is coming in.

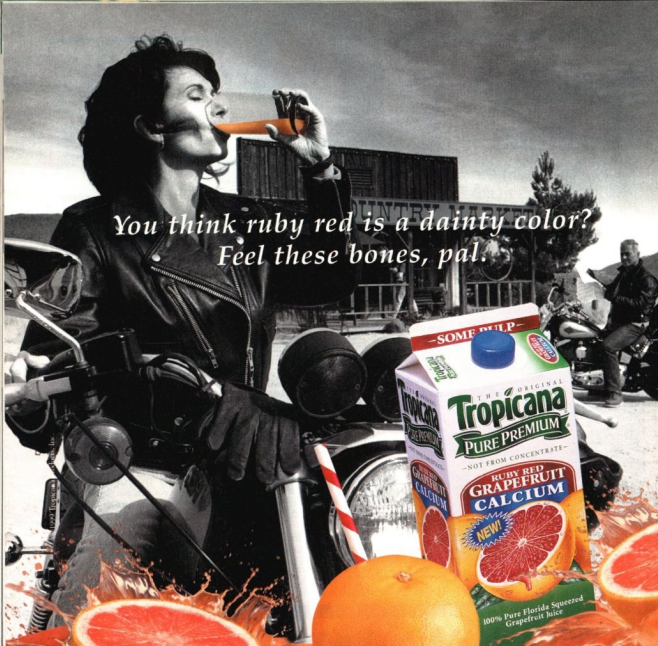
—By Christopher John Farley

a large chemical company needed an ERP solution, called Compaq Services, had 2 years cut from its projected schedule, saved millions

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A woman with dark hair, wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and gloves, is shown in profile drinking from a large orange carrot. She is sitting on a motorcycle. In the background, there is a building with a sign that says "WINTER HAVEN" and another person on a motorcycle. The scene is set outdoors with a cloudy sky.

*You think ruby red is a dainty color?  
Feel these bones, pal.*



Here's a delicious new way to kick-start your day. New Tropicana Pure Premium Ruby Red Grapefruit Juice with Calcium has been revved up with FruitCal<sup>®</sup>, a better type of calcium proven to help keep your bones healthy and strong. In fact, one glass has more calcium than a glass of milk.

*Perfect.*



# SHORT TAKES

## CINEMA

### MY LIFE SO FAR Directed by Hugh Hudson

Is it gently celebrating eccentricity or mildly deploring familial dysfunction? This story, told by a 10-year-old boy growing



up in a Scottish castle in the 1920s, can't quite make up its mind on that matter. Or what it thinks of its central figure, Edward (Colin Firth), an impractical inventor trying to make a go of moss farming. He is at once

pious and lustful (his determined eye is cast at his brother-in-law's pretty French fiancé), a good father to his numerous brood, yet sometimes abrupt and heedless of them. He's a stormy character, all right, but an unfocused one, and this well-cast adaptation of a memoir by a British TV executive is disjointed, only queasily humorous and too casual about its dark undercurrents. —By Richard Schickel

## MUSIC

### SOULAH VIBE Rha Goddess

Rha Goddess's music is a cross between a poetry slam and a hip-hop concert. Her soulful sound is reminiscent of Erykah Badu's and Lauryn Hill's and yet never derivative. This is strong, intelligent music that celebrates cre-



ativity and Afrocentricity but sacrifices nothing in the way of entertainment. Her best songs, like *Can't Touch This* and the title track, have a driving rhythm that's hard to resist. Goddess, who records on a small label, Next Millennium Entertainment, is a major talent. This is one of the year's coolest records. —By Christopher John Farley

### LAST KISS Pearl Jam

Alternative rock isn't dead yet. Pearl Jam's latest single, *Last*



Kiss, has proved to be the biggest hit of the band's career, ascending to No. 2 on the *Billboard* singles chart, a region inhabited lately by the likes of the Backstreet Boys. A cover of a song that was a hit for J. Frank Wilson & the

Cavaliers in 1964, *Last Kiss* is on the compilation album *No Boundaries: A Benefit for the Kosovar Refugees*. Pearl Jam singer Eddie Vedder decided to cover the tune after finding a 45 of it in an antiques store. It's a spare, morose song with Vedder's voice warbling lovelorn over a straight-ahead drum beat. Going back to basics has put Pearl Jam back on top. —C.J.F.

## BOOKS

### AGAINST THE TIDE: THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S BEACHES

By Cornelia Dean As Americans bask by the ocean this summer, they might consider the latest candidate

for extinction: the beach beneath them. Dean exhaustively documents the ways in which coastal development threatens the very amenity that has caused a trillion-dollar land rush to the shores since World War II. Seawalls, jetties and other technologies aimed at protecting waterfront property only accelerate the loss of sand or starve nearby beaches. Unless politicians end the absurd subsidies that encourage development on shifting sands, Dean powerfully argues, America may face a future of beachless beach towns. —By Eugene Linden



## TELEVISION

### GvsE USA, Sundays

Not long before the arrival of the brothers Weitz (*American Pie*), another pair of siblings had the media's eye; and we don't mean the Olson twins. In 1996 young guns Josh and Jonas Pate (*The Grave, The Deceiver*) were the toast of Sundance; now the filmmakers have their own paranormal action series. The idea here is neat: a dead hero is enlisted to protect Hollywood from demonic forces. But the result, alas, is Quentin Tarantino meets *Nash Bridges*. —By Gina Bellafante

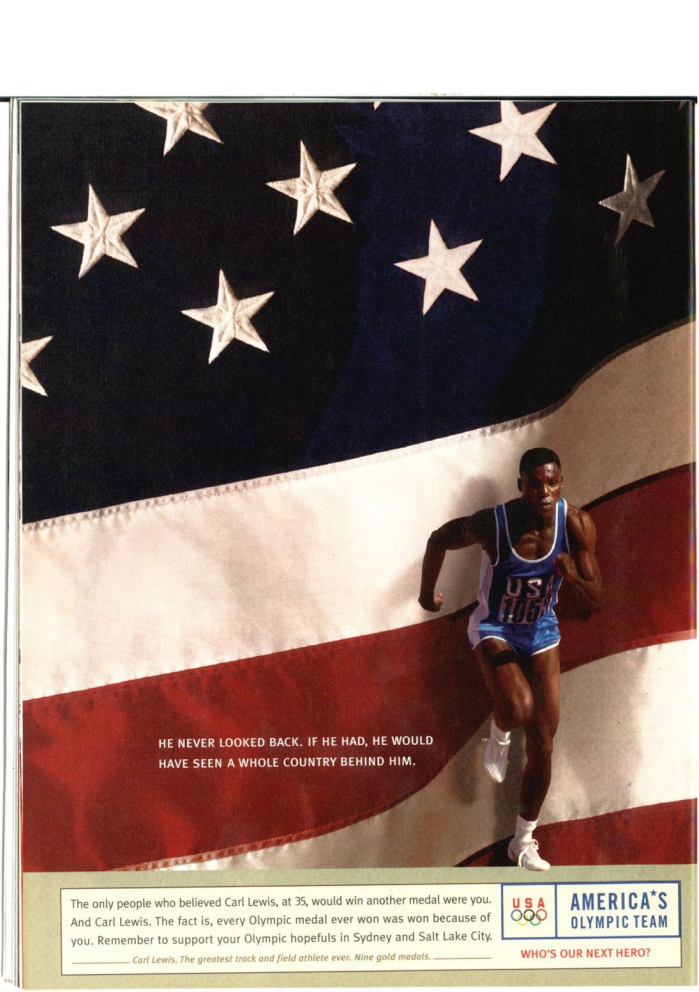


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A full-page photograph of Carl Lewis in mid-stride, running towards the viewer. He is wearing a blue USA 1056 singlet and blue shorts. The background is a large, stylized American flag with the stars and stripes clearly visible. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his form against the flag.

HE NEVER LOOKED BACK. IF HE HAD, HE WOULD  
HAVE SEEN A WHOLE COUNTRY BEHIND HIM.

The only people who believed Carl Lewis, at 35, would win another medal were you.  
And Carl Lewis. The fact is, every Olympic medal ever won was won because of  
you. Remember to support your Olympic hopefuls in Sydney and Salt Lake City.

*Carl Lewis. The greatest track and field athlete ever. Nine gold medals.*



**AMERICA'S  
OLYMPIC TEAM**

**WHO'S OUR NEXT HERO?**



James J. Cramer

## The Next Cisco

Everyone is looking for it when they should be paying more attention to the real deal

SOMETIMES WALL STREET GETS CAPTIVATED BY A business model, and everybody just goes nuts trying to find companies that fit it. When I got in the business in the early '80s, everybody wanted to find the next Merck, which was a fabulous stock for so many years. Later, people wanted to find the next Microsoft. Then we searched for the next Amgen, and for the past few years we've wanted to find the next Intel. Recently we wanted to find the next WorldCom and the next America Online.

Now we have a new deity—the next Cisco. This once quiet company has become the very visible backbone to every communications network in the world. Cisco, led by John Chambers, dominates all the tough science behind the movement of information. When you think of voice, data, bandwidth, telephony and the Internet—all the buzz words behind today's hottest stocks—you invariably come back to Cisco, which is the go-to guy behind the equipment that makes this stuff work. Dot.com companies are loaded with Cisco's products. The company is held in awe by Silicon Valley and Wall Street for its tech expertise and its financial acumen.

But the Street, of course, is never content to buy just Cisco. Too boring, and it doesn't generate enough excitement, let alone commission. These days brokers pitch us the next Cisco nearly every session. The IPO market, as hot as I have ever seen it, is pumped full of next Ciscos, as company after company goes public with a Cisco flavor. Some of these new issues seem to jump solely because they list Cisco as a competitor in the prospectus! Brocade, which makes fiber-channel switches—something that has the look and feel of Cisco—jumped from 19 to 116 in five weeks after coming public on the back of this buzz. Redback, a high-speed broadband IPO with enough Cisco overlap to be cast as Junior, went from 23 to 163 in two months. But none of them can touch the run of Juniper Networks, a newly minted maker of next-generation routers. A direct competitor of Cisco's, it jumped



from 34 to 162 in five days. Now we are talking certifiable Son of Cisco. Even I, skeptical of any parentage or resemblance plays, have bought a few thousand shares of this one.

Should you play the Son of Cisco game at home? I don't think so. First, you have to be awfully nimble, because you never know when the son will turn prodigal,

and most of these smaller companies are niche players battling Cisco on only one or two fronts. Second, what makes Cisco truly great is its management. These other companies are unproven. Third, only one company has ever really competed against Cisco hand to hand without getting crushed—Ascend, which just got bought by Lucent. If you insist on a Cisco relative, Lucent, an East Coast rival, might be the ticket.

Most important, though, the reason you shouldn't hunt for the son is because the parents are doing just fine, thank you. That's why Cisco and other deities WorldCom, Microsoft, America Online and Intel remain core holdings of Cramer Berkowitz. Sure, a Cisco Junior would be a nifty trade. But when you are investing, you stick with winners. I don't need to go hunting for the next great networker. I already own the greatest.

James Cramer manages a hedge fund and writes for [thetstreet.com](http://thetstreet.com). His fund is long LU, CSO, AOL, MSFT, INTC and JNPR. This column should not be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks

**MIGHTY MICROS** Mutual funds that generally invest in companies valued at less than \$500 million have not exactly been star performers these past few years, buried by raging big caps. But it may be time to get small. The average micro-cap fund surged 19.8% in the first six months of 1999, up from last year's measly gain of 1.4%. That's almost double the return of the average diversified stock fund. Micro-caps are even beating out the Standard & Poor's 500 index. Micro-caps' relatively low price-to-earnings ratios have made them increasingly attractive. And they continue to be. Analysts say there is still plenty of value out there even though micros are back on the market's radar screen.



**NO MORE PAPER CUTS** Lots of banks are equipped to let you pay your household bills online. But so few vendors send bills electronically that you're still forced to plow through that stack of snail mail every month. Even the most popular personal-finance managers, Intuit's Quicken and Microsoft's Money, support only partial e-billing. But as usual, the Web is changing everything. There are now three Web-based services willing to do all your bill-related busywork. For less than \$10 a month, they will receive all your bills, paper or electronic, and give you an e-mail heads-up about what's due and when. Paper ones are scanned into cyberspace, so you can view the original documents online before authorizing payment. All three companies pledge to work with any biller and any bank and to insure losses due to error or fraud. They assert that all transactions are encrypted for security and that personal information is kept confidential.

—By M.M. Buechner





Christine Gorman

## Hope Meets Hype

**They talk about a breakthrough in Alzheimer's research, but what does that really mean?**

THIS IS THE HARDEST KIND OF STORY FOR ME TO write. It's about a real advance in basic research on Alzheimer's. I know all too well that there are millions of people desperate for news of a treatment or a cure for this terrible disease. I also know that it can take five years or more for basic research—which is to say, experiments performed in test tubes or on laboratory animals—to be turned into safe and effective drugs. And that's only if there are no major setbacks or surprises. More often than not, these big advances in basic research don't go anywhere at all.

So when I read a report in the journal *Nature* last week about a possible breakthrough in Alzheimer's research, I found myself once again negotiating a tightrope

sense of how difficult it is to make the leap from mice to men—especially in this case. For starters, mice don't get Alzheimer's disease. The rodents in these experiments were genetically engineered to produce amyloid plaques, but they don't exhibit any of the other telltale signs of Alzheimer's. Indeed, scientists aren't sure whether plaques are a cause or an effect of the disease. A vaccine that removes plaques in mice could still fail to treat the underlying disease in people.

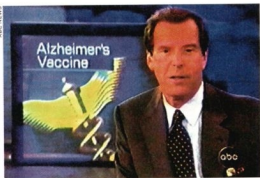
Then there's the possibility that a vaccine will do more harm than good. Every time you stimulate the immune system, you run the risk of triggering an inflammatory reaction, marked by fever, swelling and tissue destruction. In fact, many researchers believe the real destructive power of Alzheimer's comes not from the plaques but from the immune system's overreaction to them. The vaccine might also cross-react with other proteins, triggering an autoimmune reaction in which the body attacked its own brain cells.

All this remains to be discovered. The most important thing to take away from this research news is that it's a "proof of concept," as scientists call it. Before now, they weren't sure they could dissolve amyloid plaques outside a test tube. Now they know they can. Even if vaccination turns out not to be the best route, researchers have a direction in which to concentrate their efforts. And sometimes in science, that's all you need.

between real promise and false hope. One of the hallmarks of Alzheimer's is the formation of sticky clumps of protein, called amyloid plaques, in the brains of affected patients. Scientists from Elan Pharmaceuticals, a biotech company headquartered in Ireland, reported they had produced a vaccine that could prevent plaques from forming and dissolve existing ones in the brains of mice. They speculated that a similar approach might be used to treat people.

Some of my colleagues jumped on the news. In his lead story on *ABC World News Tonight*, Peter Jennings called the report "the very best news [about Alzheimer's] there has been in many years, perhaps ever." The *Wall Street Journal* ran a more skeptical, enterprising piece, but it too gave top billing to the story. Normally cautious neuroscientists were genuinely enthusiastic, but somehow their sound bites came across as overly optimistic.

What got lost in the enthusiasm was a



### GOOD NEWS

#### GOODBYE, HEARTACHE

Patients with mild angina may want to consider taking cholesterol-lowering drugs instead of undergoing angioplasty. Researchers say folks who get their clogged blood vessels opened up with angioplasty feel more robust than those who take very high doses of the drug Lipitor. But they may also be more likely to need future hospitalizations and either bypass surgery or another angioplasty before they're done.

**SMOKERS' SCREEN** Lung cancer could be caught early—and thousands of lives saved—if smokers and former smokers were routinely screened with C.T. scans. Unlike conventional chest X rays, the supersensitive scans can spot tiny malignancies before they cause any symptoms—and while they're still small enough to be treated. Bottom line: up to 80% of lung-cancer patients might survive. The rate is only about 15% today.

### BAD NEWS

**POOL DAYS** Don't drink the water! The chlorine in most swimming pools, doctors say, is not enough to kill off *Cryptosporidium*, a tiny parasite that can cause diarrhea. *Cryptosporidium* comes from feces and usually gets into a pool from dirty diapers. Pools may need to be re-engineered so fresh water is pumped in more often. Meanwhile, do the rest of us a favor and put your tots in waterproof diapers before you put them in the pool.

**WILD THINGS** If you happen to be around caves or attics this summer, consider this: bats that bite are twice as likely to carry rabies as bats that don't. Just like infected raccoons and other animals, rabid bats act aggressively and lose their natural fear of humans. The message? Stay away from the critters—especially if they stand their ground when you approach.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: Good News: *New England Journal of Medicine* (July 8, 1999); *Lancet* (July 10, 1999); Bad News: 1 and 2, *Emerging Infectious Diseases* (July 1999)

For more on Alzheimer's disease, visit our website at [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal). Questions? E-mail Christine at [gorman@time.com](mailto:gorman@time.com)



*I like to get to the office as early as possible.*

Before anyone else. **That's My time.**

*To Work uninterrupted.*

**To Focus.** Without being pulled in a million different directions.

**And Breakfast?** Hey, I can fit that in anytime.

(Even after the troops invade.)

6:15 am

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Buy yourself some time with Kellogg's® Nutri-Grain® bars—the only bars that are an excellent source of calcium, and put the goodness of a bowl of cereal in the palm of your hand.

## At some intersections you never know who you're going to bump into.

Any busy intersection will see its share of accidents. But at some intersections car crashes are so common, they're almost routine. State Farm Insurance has identified ten of the most crash-prone intersections in the entire nation\*, and we're offering grants totalling \$1.2 million to help make improvements at each and every one. It's all part of our commitment as the world's largest auto insurer to help make drivers and their families as safe as they can be. For a complete map and photos of some of the nation's most crash-prone intersections, see [www.statefarm.com](http://www.statefarm.com).

\*Figures for crash-prone intersections based on 1998 State Farm auto claims data.



**Like a good neighbor,  
State Farm is there.®**

State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company (not in NJ)  
State Farm Indemnity Company (NJ)—Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois



Amy Dickinson

## To Sir with Love

**How should your kids address adults in this age of blended families and mingled surnames?**

WHEN I WAS A KID, THE WORLD OF GROWNUPS WAS full of mysterious delights, like drinking coffee, staying up late and using swear words. Adults had first names, but no one under 21 knew what they were because back then, grownups were part of a Mr.-and-Mrs. package. Your friend's parents might have been Ginny and Stan, but for you they were Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, and they would remain so forever. Now, though, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson are divorced. Mrs. Peterson is remarried but uses her maiden

name. Mr. Peterson and his new wife just had a baby and are hyphenating.

About half of all families today are marked by multiple marriages and mingled surnames. Parents and children no longer necessarily share a family name. Schools cope by sending mail addressed "To the parents of..." But without Mr. and Mrs., how should children address adults?

Kids know that my daughter and I have different last names, but they often forget mine. They know that as an unmarried woman, I'm not a Mrs. Yet Miss doesn't seem right for a mom, and I dislike Ms. For years I did what many parents do—I asked my daughter's friends to call me by my first name. We parents claim it's simpler that way. The truth is that we think the informality will keep us young and cool and prevent us from becoming our parents. Instead, we become the reluctant peers of our kids and their friends, who skip into the kitchen to ask, "Hey Amy, got a soda?" I've dealt with this discomfort by asking my young friends to call me Miss Amy. This has gone over nicely, at best.

Louisiana tried to take the matter out of the hands of feckless parents like me last week when the Governor signed into law the "Respect Bill," which requires kids in public schools to address teachers as ma'am or sir; Mr., Mrs. or Ms.—and it's starting to sound good to me, because it gets us all off the hook, first-name-wise. Mr. Trey Williams, Governor Mike Foster's press secretary, told me the Gover-



COURTESY OF THE BELLARTS

nor feels that the use of ma'am and sir should be taught at home, but it isn't. He called me by my first name throughout our chat. I'm not complaining, but a ma'am might have been nice, just to hear how it sounded.

I called Letitia Baldridge, social secretary of the Kennedy White House and author of books on manners, and she politely but firmly set me straight on how children should address adults. "For children the parents of their friends should be addressed as Mr. and Mrs.," she said. "A woman in your situation should be Miss or Ms., followed by your last name. Even if your name is different from your child's, it can be memorized." Ms. Baldridge thinks that "Miss Amy" is pleasingly Southern and old-fashioned but is not strictly correct.

Parents can make this easy for children, she said, by always introducing other adults as "Mr., Miss or Ms." In front of a child, do not ask other adults what name they would like the child to call them by; in a panic they might suggest their first name. If an adult insists that she be addressed by her first name, though, the child should comply. Ms. Baldridge then suggested that parents like me should grow up immediately, and politely ask to be addressed correctly. Before we hung up, I had one more question. "May I call you Letitia?" I asked. "Certainly," she said. "Everybody does." ■

See our website at [time.com/personal](http://time.com/personal) for more on manners for kids. You can send Amy an e-mail at [timefamily@aol.com](mailto:timefamily@aol.com)

**GOOD NEWS FOR KIDS** The health of America's children is improving. Death rates are down for infants, adolescents and other children, according to a study released last week by the Federal

Interagency Forum on Child and Family Statistics. Teen smoking is down, as are teen crime and births to minors. However, despite a decade of prosperity, a fifth of U.S. children live in poverty—the same proportion as in 1980.

### Violent Crime



**IT'S JUST A SCRATCH** While young people ages 11 to 21 compose 15% of the U.S. population, they make up only 9% of those who visit doctors, the journal *Pediatrics* reported last week. The



reason is not so much good health or poverty, but rather that young people consider it "uncool" to seek medical attention. Yearly checkups are essential so physicians can find and treat chronic conditions. And since the teen suicide rate has more than doubled in the past 20 years, an appointment also gives doctors a chance to screen for depression.

**EASING ELDERCARE** President Clinton in January proposed a \$1,000 annual tax break for most patients or their families who pay for long-term care at home or in institutions like nursing homes. Not to be outdone, Republicans in Congress last week pitched further tax relief, worth up to \$2,750 a year, for those who tend to aged relatives at home or buy insurance for long-term care. Nursing homes can cost more than \$50,000 a year. Republicans hope

that by encouraging less expensive home care and the purchase of private insurance, they can cut government expenditures for eldercare.

—By Daniel S. Levy



BEAN, MITCHELL, LAMARCA/REUTERS



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# THE PIANO MAN

Will history ever run out of real-life weirdos for **JOHNNY DEPP** to play? He has already taken on angrophile filmmaker Ed Wood and gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson. Now it seems he may consider portraying the original cape man himself, Liberace. Depp's agent confirms only that the actor has read a script based on the flamboyant pianist's life, but a revised version is currently being overseen by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, with whom Depp worked on *Ed Wood*. The screenwriters, no strangers to eccentricity, have also penned biopics on *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt and oddball comic Andy Kaufman. Remember, Johnny, don't get too close to the candelabra when wearing the wig.

—Reported by

Jeffrey Ressler

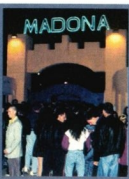


PHOTO MONTAGE: DEPP, LAURENT PÉREIRE—AP; LIBERACE, JOHN SEARWOOD—OUTLINE



## DID MARKO WEAR POLO?

He's been accused of being a draft dodger, a smuggler and an all-around bully, but is **MARKO MILOSEVIC** just misunderstood? Last week in the town of Pozarevac, the son of Yugoslav President Slobodan cut the ribbon on Bambi Park, an amusement park he had built even as the air war raged. Marko says the park offers "proof of care for the young generation." For the older generation, proof of Marko's care can be seen at Madona, a nightclub enticingly advertised as the largest in the Balkans. It threatened to start its own skirmish when Liz Rosenberg, the other Madonna's publicist, was quoted as saying the pop star might sue Marko for using her name. Before too much American ink could be shed, though, Rosenberg clarified her remarks as a joke.



MILOSEVIC



DANIEL GREEN—AP

## IF IT'S THURSDAY, IT MUST BE TEA WITH THE QUEEN

What do you do when the *Queen of England* announces she'll be popping in for a spot of tea? Dust off the best china, brew up some Tetley's and just hope the phalanx of security men waiting outside don't trample the petunias. For *Susan McCarron*, seated left, the Glasgow housewife tapped to entertain the Queen last week, the encounter went off without a hitch. Though the Queen declined to shed her coat and hat and politely refused a chocolate biscuit, McCarron pronounced the monarch "easy to talk to" and "very nice." The painstakingly staged 15-minute visit, a first for the Queen, was part of the royal family's ongoing effort to exhibit a common touch. After her refreshment, Her Highness witnessed a nearby soccer "display." No word on whether she did the wave.

## IS THERE A PART FOR HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN?

In the most inspired bit of casting since Joan and Melissa Rivers played themselves in a TV movie, WKRP alumna **LONI ANDERSON** has been selected to play **PAMELA ANDERSON LEE**'s mother in an upcoming episode of Lee's show, *V.I.P.* The two share more than a name:

	Loni	Pamela
Raised in a cold climate?	Yes, Minnesota	Yes, British Columbia
Divorced a husband with bad hair?	Yes, Burt Reynolds	Yes, Tommy Lee
Made dismal movie choices?	Yes, 3 <i>Ninjas</i> and <i>Stroker Ace</i>	Yes, <i>Barb Wire</i> and her honeymoon video
Publicly declared herself a C cup?	Yes, after a 1996 breast reduction	Yes, after 1999 removal of breast implants
Fought hard to overcome blond stereotype?	No	No



MICHAEL LEHRMAN—LATTER PRODUCTIONS

Roger Rosenblatt

# "The Whole World Is Jumpable"

The most extreme sport of all often kills its players. What is its strange appeal?

**N**OT EVERYTHING CRAZY THAT A LOT OF PEOPLE DO CAN BE called a trend; it may simply be a crazy thing that a lot of people do. But it's worth noticing when an increasing number of youngish folks, more than 400 worldwide, seek to get their kicks from jumping off bridges and roofs. If this is how they behave in flush times, imagine what they would do in a depression.

Their extreme sport is called BASE jumping, whose acronymic name derives from the four types of structures that its unusual athletes leap from—buildings, antennas, spans (bridges) and earth (cliffs). Equipped with rectangular canopy chutes, toggles for steering, a knowledge of which way the wind is blowing, no reserve chutes (as compared with skydivers) and a special arrangement of brain cells, participants jump to conclusions from great and forbidden heights, or from little ones where a chute has little time to open. Until they release their chutes, they fall at 60 m.p.h. The end is often unsatisfactory.

So it was last week when Thor Axel Kappfjell, 32, known by the oxymoron Human Fly, leaped from a 3,300-ft. cliff in his native Norway in a fog, was flung back by an ill wind onto the cliff's face and was killed. His death came 15 years after that of Carl Boenish, one of four people who invented BASE jumping in 1980; Boenish also died in a leap from a Norwegian cliff. Before one begins to hatch a Scandinavian-unhappiness theory to explain all this, it should be pointed out that BASE jumpers have died all over the world.

On June 9, Frank Gamballi, a friend of Kappfjell's, was killed in a jump from El Capitan in Yosemite National Park. Marta Empinotti, a Californian jumper whose boyfriend Steve Gyrsting crashed into a river at 100 m.p.h. when his chute failed, says that nonetheless she "couldn't live without" the sport: "I would die inside." To date 39 people have died outside.

It is not that this strange enthusiasm goes unappreciated by the gaping public. Kappfjell, New Yorkers may recall, accomplished the sport's trifecta by jumping off the Empire State and Chrysler buildings last October, and he achieved a personal high last March when he jumped 110 floors from the top of the World Trade Center. (The unlawful leap irritated New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani and for that alone was deemed worthwhile by the citizens.) People seem to take pleasure in BASE jumping in the same way, I suppose, that Romans liked watching gladiators.

The potential opportunity to observe a fellow human die at a moment of wild exhilaration, or live through such a moment, brings one back to a kind of basics.

So part of the explanation of the appeal of this madness may be that it returns our soft, comfy civilization to an ancient roughness—man vs. nature, life or death, that sort of thing. The recent successes of stories like *The Perfect Storm*, *Into Thin Air* and *The Endurance* would suggest that the E-ZPass, "we deliver" world is yearning—if only in its dreams—for situations of hardship and danger. Death doesn't even seem to attend war anymore; Kosovo showed that a push-button war could be casualty-free, at least for those who pushed the buttons. Routine phrases today such as

"living on the edge" and "pushing the envelope" only indicate how smooth most surfaces are, and how snug most envelopes.

Maybe BASE jumpers take to the idea of near-death experiences and feel that unless everything is risked at once, life is unconfirmed. Maybe some people, once afraid of mentioning the word, are developing an affection for death. Foraging for cultural antecedents, I recall *The Running Man*, the Arnold Schwarzenegger movie of a few years back about a sport-like game show in which the main contestant was hunted down like a dog, to the death; the audience cheered; death was like a sexual encounter. In *Meet Joe Black*, a bad remake of *Death Takes a Holiday*, a beautiful young woman is so in love with the figure of Death that she would follow him to his dark kingdom.

Romantic individuality may have something to do with the sport's popularity—the fact that one undertakes a kind of Byronic solo adventure when one jumps. But the jumpers also do their thing in groups and form little outlaw societies in which they approve of and cheer on one another. In fact, it could be the illegality of the sport that pumps them up. In an interview last April, Kappfjell said he delighted in playing outlaw and "fooling the authorities" as he gained access to his perches.

Yet none of this adequately explains why an apparently sane, if overexcited, young man or woman would willingly, eagerly step to the edge of an abyss and do or die. In founding the sport, Boenish exulted that "the whole world is jumpable," his way of saying, "Because it is there." It may be that in claiming the possibility of the impossible, he was touching a responsive chord in all those who, from time to time, want to take the leap. As poor Kappfjell proved, however, some times are better than others. ■



Kappfjell successfully defied death earlier in this leap in Norway

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